



THE SAME OLD MOON



The axle construction of a high power touring car is a matter of vital importance. By exhaustive tests, cold drawn steel tubing, as used in the Rambler cars, has been proved far superior to any other construction.

Rambler front axles are reinforced by a vertical center wall pressed into place before the tube is bent.

Steering knuckles are drop forgings fitted with adjustable taper spindles and ball thrust bearings.

The rear axle of Model 15 (side chain drive) is formed from one piece of steel tube forged to a solid taper at the ends, thus forming a one piece axle without joints or welds.

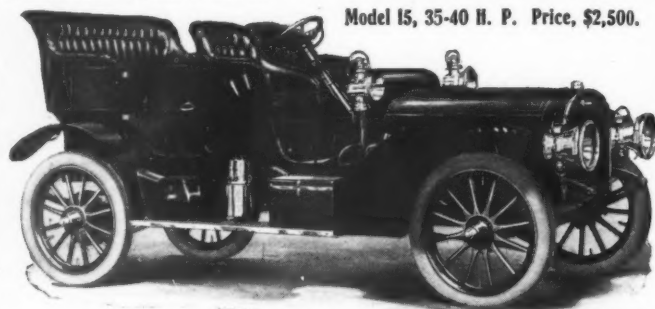
This is simply one of many special features that make the Rambler the car of steady service.

The second edition of our 1906 catalogue fully describes six models, ranging in price from \$1,250 to \$3,000. It is at your service.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis. U. S. A.

Branches: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
New York Agency, 88-40 W. 62nd St. representatives in all leading cities

Model 15, 35-40 H. P. Price, \$2,500.



Before a single "Packard 30" was delivered four cars were driven 50,000 miles including the Detroit-Chicago-Detroit run of 606 miles in 20½ hours and the work of the Glidden Tour patrol car.

A "Packard 30" acted as patrol car in the Glidden Tour and each day covered more than twice the mileage of the regular contestants under exactly the same road conditions but carrying from five to eight people.

Price (in standard colors and equipment) - \$4,200 f. o. b. Factory
Special colors, Upholstery and Equipment, Extra.

Member Association
Licensed Automobile Manufacturers
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., DEPT. G
DETROIT, MICH. New York Branch
154c Broadway

Automobile Bank Account
Season 1906
Pay to the order of Mrs. Expense \$ 2.00
Indeterminable Dollars
A. M. Allen

**YOUR
TIRE EXPENSE
THIS SEASON—**

DIDN'T IT FAR EXCEED THE ALLOWANCE
YOU MADE FOR IT?

BESIDES BEING THE FASTEST, SAFEST,
MOST RESILIENT TIRES MADE, PENN-
SYLVANIA CLINCHERS—RACING
TYPE—GIVE A REAL MEANING TO THE
PHRASE "TIRE ECONOMY."

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
JEANNETTE, PA.



NEW YORK—1665 BROADWAY
CHICAGO—1241 MICHIGAN AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—615 N. BROAD ST.
ATLANTA, GA.—102 PRIOR STREET
BOSTON—167 OLIVER STREET
BUFFALO, N. Y.—MAIN AND TUPPER ST.
LONDON—4 SNOW HILL



No. 1601.

up just as they do in your wardrobe at home—an oak follower keeps them free from wrinkles. When closed takes up only half the floor space of the ordinary trunk. Price \$35 and up.

The A. B. C. No. 1601 Automatic Trunk

Raise the lid and you raise the upper tray;
drop the front and the second tray slides
in and out; easy access to everything.

Style No. 1601, like cut, \$20.00.

Write for our book, "Tips to Travelers," telling
you more about the A. B. C. Wardrobe Trunk,
and showing you many new and practical arti-
cles of traveling equipment manufactured by us.

Abel & Bach Company

Largest Makers of Trunks and Bags in the World.

Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

Chicago Salesrooms: 46-48 Adams St.



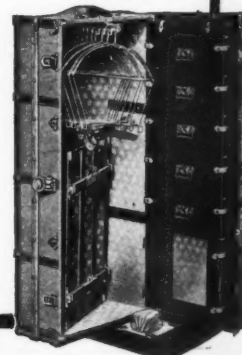
Insist upon having this mark on any Trunk, Suit Case or Bag
you buy. It is your guarantee of quality, style and durability.

**The A. B. C. of
Traveling**

A place for everything—every-
thing in its place, where you can
get at it without trouble.

Our No. 145 shown below—
the A. B. C. Wardrobe
Trunk—is the most practical
trunk of its kind made. It
does away with unpacking when
you arrive and packing up when
you leave—your clothes hang

No. 145.



• LIFE •



Brownsville Water Crackers

"The Cracker with Brownsville on it."

for fifty-five years baked to suit those who eat the best, by men who simply make crackers. Looks like a good cracker, tastes like a good cracker, is a good cracker—good enough to make people buy them in ten-pound tins.

SOLD BY

S. S. Pierce Co., Boston
Park & Tilford, New York
The Joseph R. Peabody Sons Co., Cincinnati
Geo. K. Stevenson & Co., Pittsburgh
Finley Acker Co., Philadelphia
C. Jevne & Co., Chicago
Goldberg, Bowen & Co., San Francisco

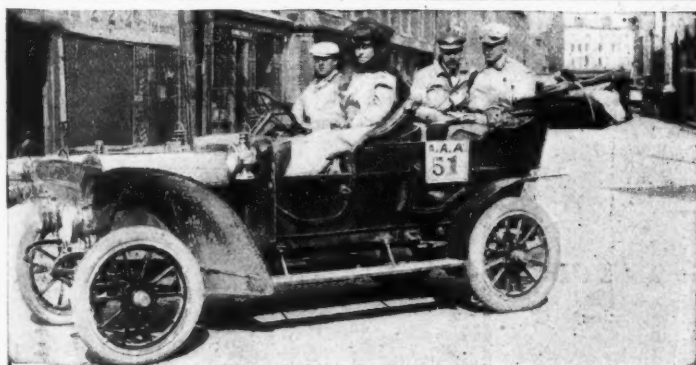
They are also packed in one-pound tins to make them handy to carry with you in the motor-car or the coach.

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, or two pounds for 50 cents, express, prepaid.

CHATLAND & LENHART, Brownsville, Pa.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT
PURVEYORS TO THE

Pennsylvania R. R. Dining Car Service
The Waldorf Astoria
The Cafe Martin
The Cafe des Beaux-Arts
The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia
The Hotel Havlin, Cincinnati



As Proof Conclusive—the

OLDSMOBILE

Offers ten, and more, convincing reasons (actual facts) why it is the most economical to buy—the most satisfying to own—and why you drive a winner when you drive an Oldsmobile.

FIRST. All the qualities essential in touring—demonstrated by the Perfect Score made on the Glidden Tour in competition with cars costing double its price.

SECOND. The 505 Mile Non-Stop run made by the same car from Bretton Woods, N. H., to New York City, without any adjustments or alterations, immediately after completing the Glidden Tour.

THIRD. Brake reliability—demonstrated in winning the brake contest at the Open Air Show in New York.

FOURTH. Vibration test won at Open Air Show by carrying a pail of water, brimming full, on the tonneau floor for 200 yards from a standing start, spilling but three-eighths of an inch on the way.

AND FURTHER REASONS furnished by the "man at the wheel"—ask him, or write us for all of any of the above. ADDRESS DEPT. L.

Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., U. S.

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

We shall exhibit only at the Seventh National Automobile Show, at Madison Square Garden, January 12th to 19th, 1907

FIFTH. Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 100 hour non-stop test made in Chicago.

SIXTH. Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 200 hour non-stop test made in Detroit.

SEVENTH. Motor endurance—demonstrated by the 100 hour non-stop test made in Cincinnati.

EIGHTH. Hill climbing ability—demonstrated at Crawford Notch, Mt. Washington, Twin Peak Hill Climb, California, and the New York-Poughkeepsie run.

NINTH. Roadability—demonstrated by the 75 mile run from New York to Poughkeepsie over difficult hills and trying road conditions with the high speed lever seated in.

TENTH. The records of the past five years made in this country and abroad.

Hiawatha Sparkling Spring Water

CLEAR and Sparkling as frost in the moonlight.

REFRESHING as an April shower to the budding flower.

HEALTHFUL as only pure water that bubbles from the bosom of Mother Earth can be.

DELICIOUS hardly expressing the universal opinion of the discriminating public.

Hiawatha Spring Company
Order Hiawatha Today

Sold by leading hotels, cafes, restaurants, grocers and druggists. The booklet, "It's What's Inside," gives many pleasing recipes for serving Hiawatha in the home. It is sent free on request.

LOUIS M. PARK COMPANY

Distributors, Minneapolis New York Chicago St. Paul Duluth



Peerless



Perfect Score 30 H. P. Peerless Touring Car
Driven Successfully on Glidden Tour

Twelve Hundred Miles Without Adjustment

This is the record of Model 14, the 1906 Model of Peerless touring car. No replacements or adjustments made while running on schedule time between controls. Passengers did not alight from car for any repairs or any reason whatever between controls. Each control reached ahead of schedule time. Average running time of last day's run of 124 miles was 20 miles an hour. Examined by experts at close of contest was declared to be in perfect running condition.

The Peerless Models for 1907, Models 15 and 16, contain all the best features of the 1906 Model, as well as many improvements to make the car the acme of perfection for the person who wants a touring car capable of speed up to fifty miles an hour, and to climb hills with ease on high gear with four or five passengers. Chrome nickel steel and drop frame used in construction.

1907 Models

Model 15—\$5,000

Model 16—\$4,000

A demonstration will convince you of the simplicity and dependability of the Peerless direct drive touring car. Full information will gladly be sent to you on request.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CO., 40 Lisbon St., Cleveland, Ohio
Member A. L. A. M.

☐ Are you furnishing a House or Decorating a Room?

☐ Have you wall spaces or spots which you wish to make artistically effective at small cost?

☐ A dainty catalogue showing in miniature reproductions many of Life's Prints will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Life's Pictures
are
Particularly
Appropriate

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK

Philanthropic Sparrows

AN INCIDENT which, the writer declares, raised the pugnacious sparrow several degrees in his estimation is described in *Outing*. It shows that the sparrow has other good qualities besides his sturdiness and self-reliance.

"For several days four or five sparrows had visited a certain place on the roof near my window. They always brought food for another little fellow, who never tried a flight from the spot. The visiting sparrows never came empty-billed. They would drop tiny morsels of food near the little sparrow. When it began to eat the crumbs the others set up a great chirping, and then flew away.

"After watching this for a few days, I went out on the roof and approached the lone bird. It did not flutter away from me, and made no resistance when I picked it up.

"The sparrow was blind. Its eyes were covered with a milk-like film."

A Fish Story

BROWN had returned from a fishing expedition, and, after partaking of a most welcome dinner, was relating some of his fishing experiences, says the *Buffalo Times*.

"Last year," said he, "while fishing for pike, I dropped half a sovereign. I went to the same place this year, and after my line had been cast a few minutes I felt a terrific pull. Eventually I landed a fine pike, which had swallowed the hook, and on cutting it open to release the hook, to my amazement"—

"Ah," said his friends, "you found a half-sovereign."

"Oh, no," replied Brown, "I found nine shillings sixpence in silver and threepence in copper."

"Well, what became of the other threepence?" queried his friends.

"I suppose the pike paid to go through the lock with it," answered Brown.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

WILL YOU—YOUR FRIENDS—AND CHAUFFEUR BE PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP RACES—

At five o'clock in the morning it may be cold, chilly, rainy or hot—Perhaps you haven't thought about it. Everything in garments and accessories from the very inexpensive to the more higher priced. There must be something you need—even if not for the race—but what you want for the race—you must see about quickly.

Send for Catalog A
SCANDINAVIAN FUR AND LEATHER COMPANY
14-16 West 33rd Street, New York.



Remarkable Rentals

STRANGE rents were being discussed—how this church paid one red rose annually and that convent paid two doves. A real estate man said:

"We have some remarkable rentals, but England beats us here, for she is the older country, and she delights in maintaining the quaint customs of the past.

"The splendid manor of Farnham Royal is held by the service of putting the glove on the King's right hand and by supporting the arm that holds the scepter on Coronation Day. There is no other payment.

"The rental of the manor of Aylesbury is three eels in winter and three green geese in summer, besides a litter of straw for the King's bedchamber thrice a year if he come that way so often.

"The manor of Addington's rental is a pair of gilt spurs, a pair of tongs, a snowball on Midsummer Day and a rose at Christmas.

"The rental of the manor of Coperland is the holding of the King's head, if needful, as often as he crosses the sea between Dover and Whitsand." *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

HYLO! by-lo! time to go to bed,
HYLO! by-lo! little sleepy head.
Turn down the **HYLO**, baby's going to by-lo—
HYLO! by-lo! cuddle down in bed.

HYLO Electric Bulbs bring to the home all the luxury of modulated electric light. They are sold by all electricians on the "money-back" plan, or write THE PHELPS CO., 4 Rowland Street, Detroit, Mich.

Mistrusted

"I USED to know Mr. Sneeker, who was with your firm. I understand he is a tried and trusted employee"—

"He was trusted, yes, and he'll be tried, too, if we're so fortunate as to catch him."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Wanted a Darker Shade

JACOB RIIS has a story of a little lad who shines shoes for a living. This boy goes to a mission Sunday-school, and was keenly disappointed when, at Christmas time, his gift from the tree turned out to be a copy of Browning's poems.

Next Sunday, however, the superintendent announced that any child not pleased with his gift could have it exchanged. Jimmie marched boldly to the front with his.

"What have you there, Jimmie?"

"Browning."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

"Blacking."—*Harper's Weekly.*

In the Year 1950

"WHAT is that old book you are studying, Elizabeth?"

"I don't know, papa; I haven't yet made out whether it is a copy of Chaucer in the original Old English or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of the first part of the century."—*Baltimore American.*

KIND LADY: What do you mean by putting my spoon in your pocket after eating the pudding?

SANDY PIKES: Oh, pardon me, mum, it was force of habit. I was rich once and contracted the souvenir habit.—*Chicago Daily News.*

San Francisco to New York in a Franklin—4000 miles by road—in 15 days, 2 hours, 12 minutes.

No one can now deny that Franklin horsepower is real—full of going power and hill climbing; that Franklin air-cooling keeps the engine at the right temperature; and particularly that Franklin high-grade, light weight, non-jarring construction with wood sills and full elliptic springs allow fast going on the roughest roads and make the cars stand up under the hardest test.

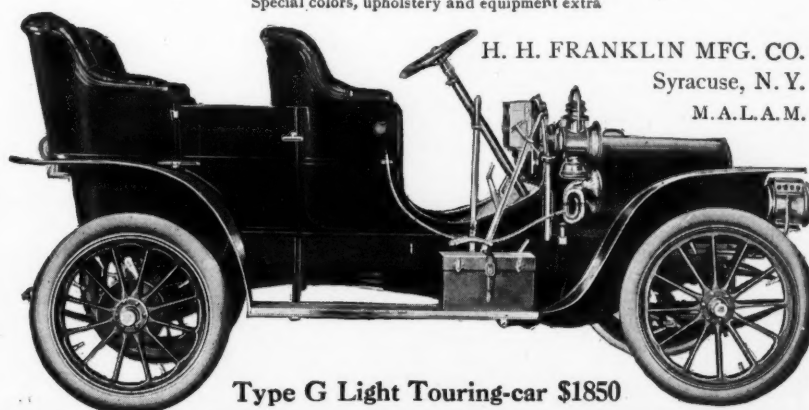
It took a Franklin to beat the previous Franklin 33-day record of two years ago. Other cars have taken months instead of days. No other car in the world could have made that trip so fast and come out alive—ENDURANCE.

The car that made this remarkable record is the Franklin six-cylinder 30 h. p. touring-car; but every Franklin car is built on the same lines and shares the lessons of this great performance.

Send for book of this wonderful trip, also new 1907 Franklin catalogue.

Shaft-Drive Runabout \$1800 4-cylinder Touring-car \$2800
4-cylinder Light Touring-car \$1850 6-cylinder Touring-car \$4000

Prices in standard colors and equipment f.o.b. Syracuse
Special colors, upholstery and equipment extra



H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
M. A. L. A. M.

Type G Light Touring-car \$1850

COIFFURES POUR DAMES



J. ANDRE

LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
IMPORTER OF HAIR GOODS

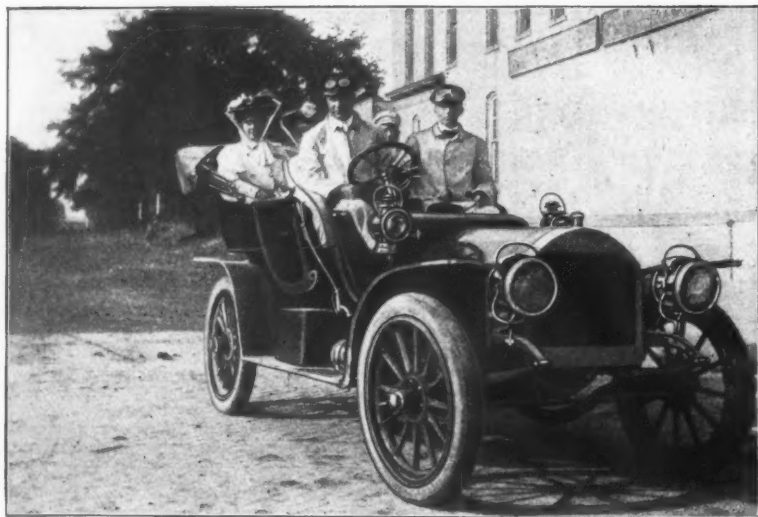
Specialist in Hair Coloring, Marcel Waving, Shampooing, Manicuring, Scalp Treatment, Facial Massage.

13 WEST 29TH ST., NEAR BROADWAY
BRANCH: 140 WEST 44TH ST., NEAR BROADWAY

FOR SALE

NEAR President Roosevelt's recent Colorado Hunting Camp and Glenwood Springs, a Mountain Ranch unexcelled for raising polo ponies or blooded stock of any description. Located within Forest Reserve having finest Government free range in U. S. Trout stream six miles through property. The region of which this ranch is the center is the habitat of Bear, Deer, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Lions and Grouse. If sold before December 1st, \$30,000. Address

DIVIDE LAND AND CATTLE CO.,
P. O. Box No. 281, DELTA, COLORADO.



TRIUMPHAL TOURS OF MODEL-F Stoddard-Dayton

Our 1907 Touring Car—Model-F—has made marks that proclaim its worth and reliability. A severe test run gave it immediate preeminence among touring cars. Driven by our New Stoddard-Dayton four cylinder engine, carrying five people and 150 pounds of baggage, a Model F made the run through four States from our factory doors to Pine Lake, Wisconsin, and return—a trip of

1100 MILES WITHOUT MISHAP

Plenty of tough going was encountered on ~~this~~ tour. Stretches of sage brush took the place of roads. There were hills to climb and the sand ~~wastes~~ to pull through, but the Model-F never loosened a bolt, and made an electrifying spurt of 154 miles on seven gallons of gasoline.

In the great Glidden Tour the Stoddard-Dayton Model-F was driven by our new motor from Chicago to Buffalo, and then over the Glidden course to Bretton Woods in the White Mountains—a distance of 2200 miles—without loss of one point or a moment's time on account of engine or mechanical troubles.

NEW AND IMPROVED FEATURES

The new Stoddard-Dayton motor is not the only improved feature in the construction of Model-F. The wheel base is two inches longer; the pleasing lines of the body have been further beautified; 34-inch wheels are used instead of 32. The rear springs are hung on shackles at both ends.

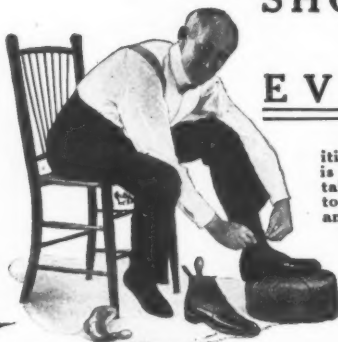
The power is applied through strut rods which take up the road shocks and transmit the drive from the axle casing to the frame, thereby taking all the strain off the springs. The Stoddard-Dayton valued feature of the enclosed propeller shaft is retained.

Model-F at \$2,500, including full lamp equipment, is simpler, neater and more compact than other cars costing more. Let us send you our advance 1907 Booklet—It is FREE.

THE DAYTON MOTOR CAR CO.

DAYTON, OHIO

SHOES THAT LOOK LIKE NEW EVERY MORNING



Shoe trees are no longer a luxury. They are a positive necessity if the full measure of comfort and wear is to be realized from shoes and their appearance maintained. Placed in shoes at night they bring them back to their original shape preventing curling or warping and when removed in the morning the shoes have that bright, new appearance which distinguishes the footwear of all those who use them. Correctly used they

ADD 25% TO THE WEAR

Our illustrated booklet on shoes and their care explains why. Leading shoe dealers everywhere

sell trees of our manufacture at prices which place them within the means of everybody who wears shoes. If your dealer does not sell them our booklet tells how to order them by mail and shows illustrations of the twelve kinds we manufacture. Write for booklet H. Sent free.

O. A. Miller Treeing Machine Company
BROCKTON MASS.



In the Blue Grass Country

"I SEE here that a German professor claims that the time is coming when there will not be enough water on earth to support human life."

"Which only goes to show," replied Colonel Kornfed, "that science, suh, backs up the judgment which true Kentuckians have always held."
—American Spectator.

MRS. HICKS (relating burglar scare): Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs.

MRS. WICKS: Mercy! The burglar's?

"No, my husband's—he had heard the noise, too."—Boston Transcript.

No Objection

"IF THEY refuse to allow us to harness Niagara," said the great trust promoter, "we shall go over and harness Vesuvius."

"Great craters!" exclaimed the assistant. "What earthly use could we make out of Vesuvius?"

"Why, we could run a pipe line under the Atlantic, pump the hot lava to America and heat the whole country. The Coal Trust would be a back number."—Columbus Dispatch.

A GOOD story is told of a very mild North of England vicar, who had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."—Tit-Bits.

Horrible

PAT: I had a horrible dream last night.

MIKE: What was it?

"You know Tim McGinnis?"

"Yes."

"I dreamed that me and Tim had met in Rafferty's saloon."

"Yes."

"And I called Tim a loir."

"Yes."

"And Tim called me anither."

"Yes."

"And thin nayther wan of us done annything else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PATIENT: Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?

DOCTOR: Oh, you are bound to get well! You can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of a hundred cases like yours one recovers invariably.

"That's a cheerful prospect."

"What more do you want? I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try! There's no humbug about statistics!"—Kansas City Independent.



TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

A SAILOR NAMED TAYLOR WAS WRECKED ON A WHALER—THE SEA WAS ABOUT TO PREVAIL.
WHEN LUCKY FOR TAYLOR THE FOUNDERING WHALER CAUGHT UP WITH A SLUMBERING WHALE.
"IN ORDER TO SAIL HER TO HARBOR," SAID TAYLOR, "MYSELF I'LL AVAIL O' THIS GALE."
SO TAYLOR, THE SAILOR, THE SAIL O' THE WHALER DID NAIL O'ER THE TAIL O' THE WHALE.

BISHOP DOANE, of Albany, paused for a moment in an earnest discussion of divorce to narrate a pet anecdote.

"The motive of these people," he said, his eyes twinkling, "is like the motive of a Scot who was found weeping one day by his comfortable hearth.

"Eh, Saunders, mon," said a neighbor, peeping in at the open door, attracted by the sounds of woe, 'what's ailin' ye?'"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," sobbed Saunders, 'Donald Mackintosh's wife is dead.'

"Aweel," said the neighbor, 'what o' that? She's no relation o' yours, we ken.'

"I know she's not," wailed Saunders; 'I know she's not, but it just seems as if everybody's gettin' a change but me.'"—*Kansas City Independent*.

THE Children's Hospital at Bristol, England, has three dogs which collect money for it. These dogs have been trained to catch money thrown to them, and then drop it in a little bag hung about their necks. They pick up a large sum during the course of the year.—*Boston Transcript*.

His First Attempt

YOUNG NEURICH had scarcely made his debut in society when he found it necessary to decline an invitation to a reception, owing to a previous engagement. He did so by penning the following note:

"Mr. J. Henry Neurich declines with pleasure Mrs. Van Uppson's invitation for the 21st, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to do so."—*Chicago News*.

Popular Science

"HAVE you seen Professor Gabbleston, the scientist, lately?"

"Yes, I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night."

"Indeed! What was he talking about?"

"He didn't say."—*Tit-Bits*.

PRESTIDIGITATEUR (during his grand gold-piece act): I could take twenty-dollar gold pieces from your pocket all night.

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL: Go ahead, pard; I'll give ye half.—*New York Weekly*.

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELERS
SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS HERALDISTS

"Service By Mail"

Every facility for examination and a comparison of quality and prices is at the disposal of those residing at a distance.

THE 1907 YEAR BOOK

sent on request

catalogues the stock in entirety, but does not illustrate it, because of its great diversity of styles and constantly changing variety. PHOTOGRAPHS of any articles desired will be furnished.

ATTRACTIVE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

just issued

describing new styles in the following moderate-priced Gold and Diamond Jewelry:

BANGLES,	\$6.00 to \$750	GUARD CHAINS,	\$18.00 to \$250
BARETTES,	\$4.00 to \$60	LOCKETS,	\$6.00 to \$145
BROOCHES,	\$2.00 to \$110	BACK COMBS,	\$4.75 to \$75
HAT PINS,	\$1.75 to \$19	SCARF PINS,	\$2.00 to \$50
HANDY PINS,	\$1.25 to \$48	CUFF LINKS,	\$3.25 to \$58
WATCHES,	\$25 to \$175	WATCH FOBS,	\$11.00 to \$56

Any of the above Booklets, or Photographs of Richer Jewelry, sent on request.

"THE BOOK OF PRECIOUS STONES" indicates the richness of the diamond stock and beauty of the newer designs.

"ETIQUETTE OF WEDDING STATIONERY" (correct forms, phraseology, etc.).
Sent on request

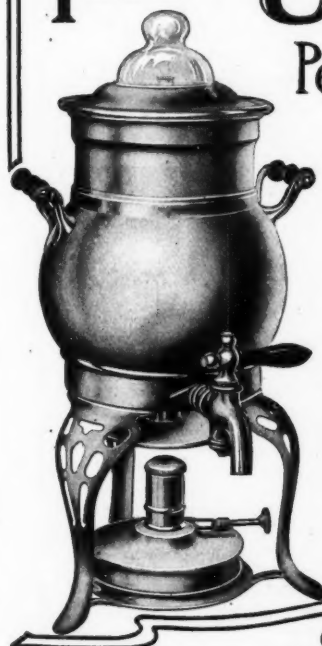
GOODS ON APPROVAL

Careful and varied selections will be sent for inspection, customary Bank or Mercantile references only required.

1218-20-22 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The "Universal"

Percolating Coffee Machine



In the morning you want a wholesome, nourishing, invigorating cup of coffee.

There is no quicker or more convenient way of preparing it than on your table with the "Universal."

In seven or eight minutes, particularly if you use lukewarm water, coffee that is fresh and delicious can be drawn from the faucet.

There will be no bitterness—no tannin. It will be pure and healthful, for it has not been boiled. Rich in strength and aroma, for they have not been lost in steam.

The body is made of one piece of copper—no seams, no joints. It is inseparable from the base—easily handled. Lined with a coating of pure tin—easily cleaned. Heavily nickel plated—will not tarnish.

The "Universal" lamp produces an intense heat, and the coming age of cheap alcohol adds to its economical advantages.

Hardware dealers and housefurnishing stores sell the "Universal" in different styles and sizes.

May we send you our free booklet? It is worth the cost of a postal to know how to get the best out of coffee.

Landers, Frary & Clark,
69 Commercial St., - New Britain, Conn.

X-Ray View



Remington

AUTOLOADING SHOT GUN



TO THE man who wishes a good modern all-around field and trap gun, especially adapted for wild fowl, we present the Remington Auto-loading Shot Gun. It can be bought at about one-half the price of a high-grade double gun. It loads itself by consuming its recoil, thus preventing bruised faces and shoulders. It has an absolutely safe, solid breech.

The modern gun at a moderate price
New Catalogue Free

Remington Arms Company
ILION, N. Y.

AGENCY: 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

A Query

JUNO, they say, was ox-eyed;
Now, don't you think it true,
Were she a dame of these times,
She'd be peroxide, too?
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Reason

"WHAT a well-informed woman that Mrs. Wadleigh is, isn't she?"
"Why shouldn't she be? Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"THEY say there is a new word added to the language every day in the year."
"Well, that's right and proper. It just about keeps up with the birth-rate in Boston."—*Chicago Tribune.*



THE BIRD THAT WHISPERED IN HER EAR

The Mitchell will do Everything you'd like to have YOUR Car do—and we'll PROVE it

30 H.P.
4 Cyl.
\$1800



"The Mitchell" is a "show me" car.
We don't rely on big claims, wild assertions or smooth talkers to sell the Mitchell.

We don't have to.
The hardy, troubleless, get-there-and-back Mitchell can do its own talking better than the highest priced salesman we could employ.

Our selling argument is—"Get in and we'll show you."

We'll take you 45 miles an hour on country roads. Up any hill you'll point out.

Through sand or mud up to the hubs. We'll take you 50, 100 or 500 miles, just as you say.

All we want is your assurance that if we "show you" you'll buy. If we have to stop for repairs or adjustments of any kind (except for punctures or to add gasoline), the deal is off.

All we want is a chance to "show you" right out on the road that the Mitchell in every way meets your ideal.

Write us when you will be ready and we'll have our nearest branch take you out.

Or perhaps you'd like our Catalogue first, so you can know WHY the Mitchell is such a wonder on the road. If so, drop a postal.

1907 Models Now Ready.

MITCHELL MOTOR CAR CO.,
131 Mitchell Street, Racine, Wis.
Member American Motor Car Mfrs. Association, N. Y.

Recent



Victories
Besting Cars
at more than Double the Price.

May 30, 1906—Won Minneapolis Hill Climbing Contest, winning silver cup. One Mitchell entered. Defeated Oldsmobile (4 cyl), Ford (6 cyl), Franklin, Rambler, Queen, National, Frayer-Miller, Marmon, Thomas and Royal Tourist.

July 4, 1906—Won 200 Mile Endurance Race, breaking World's Record, at Hawthorne Race Track, Chicago, defeating cars at more than double the price. The one other Mitchell entered finished second.

July 7, 1906—Won 50 Mile Endurance Race at Milwaukee, again breaking the World's Record, and still again defeating high priced cars. One Mitchell entered.

July 29, 1906—Won 50 Mile Endurance Race at Detroit, making single miles as low as 1:08, which is World's Record for stock cars fully equipped. This has alone been equaled by the 50 h. p. Thomas Flyer. The one other Mitchell entered finished second.

In the last three contests the Mitchell defeated the following cars: Queen, Jackson, Thomas, Maxwell, Columbia, Knox, Buick, Haynes, Pope-Toledo, Pope-Hartford, Peerless, Rambler and Cadillac.

July 27, 1906—Elgin Aurora Endurance Contest. Two Mitchells entered. One finished with perfect score; the other was penalized for mistake of the driver. Dozens of high priced cars fell by the wayside or were heavily penalized.

All these victories were won with stock cars right off the selling floor.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

For All Ages

5th—"And then the justice full of wise saws."

Horlick's Malted Milk is used in thousands of homes as an invigorating and healthful table drink. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. An ideal nutrient for the infant, the growing child and the aged. A refreshing and nutritious luncheon for every member of the family. Prepared by simply stirring in water.

Pure, rich milk, from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of choice malted cereals, elaborated to powder form.

Also in Lunch Tablet form, chocolate flavor. A healthful confection for children, and a palatable quick lunch for professional and business men. At all druggists.

Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S;
others are imitations.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.,
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London, England. Montreal, Canada.



Only Thinks So

"DOES that young Featherhead play poker?" asked Robinson of a mutual acquaintance.
"No," was the reply, "but he thinks that he does, and we are careful not to undeceive him."
—Cincinnati Tribune.

AN ARDENT teetotaler, in conversation with the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, once found fault with the practice of "christening" vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree with him, and said a good temperance lesson could be learned from the practice. "How can that be?" asked his companion. "Well," replied the witty baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after!"—*Independent.*



SHOES FITTED WITH O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS OF NEW RUBBER MAKE LIFE OF MEN AND WOMEN WORTH LIVING

Hard leather heels and nails are no longer tolerable. O'Sullivan Heels are made of brand new rubber, give the elastic, bounding, comfortable, springy step of youth, outwear leather heels and all other rubber heels.

It is better to say "O'Sullivan's" when ordering rubber heels, to be sure of getting what you want. 50c. attached. If your dealer hasn't O'Sullivan's, send 35c. and diagram of your heel to the makers.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



THE BADGE OF PERFECTION

No More Punctures, Rim Cutting, Coming Off, or Explosions.

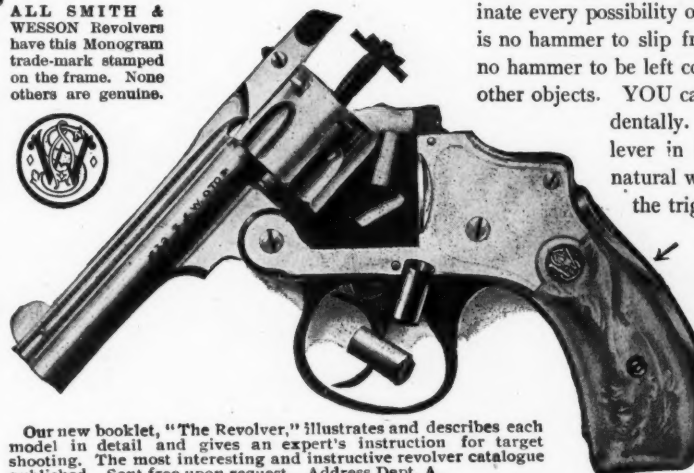
FAWKES AIRLESS CLINCHER MOTOR

—the only safe tire—ends them all. Not a solid tire yet lasts longer—not a pneumatic but rides as easy. Thousands in use and demand increasing enormously. Try a set **TEN DAYS FREE**. Write for free Fawkes booklet on "The Troubles" containing scores of convincing testimonials. Milwaukee Rubber Works Co. 30 MacMillan Ave. Cudahy, Wis.

SMITH & WESSON

"HAMMERLESS" SAFETY Is the Only Real Safety

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.



Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request. Address Dept. A.

With the SMITH & WESSON revolver you will eliminate every possibility of accidental discharge. There is no hammer to slip from the hand while cocking—no hammer to be left cocked or to catch on clothing or other objects. YOU cannot even pull the trigger accidentally. You must press the safety lever in the back of the handle in a natural way at the same time you pull the trigger. If you do not do this, you cannot explode the cartridge. When you realize that there has never been one single accident reported from over 300,000 SMITH & WESSON Safety revolvers that have been sold, you will appreciate that it is the safest revolver for you to use.

SMITH & WESSON, 42 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Pacific Coast Branch, 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

Mixed Metaphors

A MINISTER said to his congregation: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split."

An orator is credited with a peroration in which he spoke of "all ranks, from the queen sitting on her throne to the cottager sitting on his cottage."

"My client acted boldly," said the counselor. "He saw the storm brewing in the distance, but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by

the horns, and had him indicted for perjury."

A Hindoo journalist, commenting on a political disturbance, said: "We cannot, from a distance, realize the intensity of the crisis, but it is a certain thing that many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes."

An old negro woman whose needs were supplied by friends never failed to express her gratitude in original language: "You is powerful good to a pore ole 'oman like me, wid one foot in

de grave an' de oder a cryin' out, 'Lawd, how long, how long?'"

No one could imagine what a speaker meant when he said: "Biddy, diddy," and then stopped, and after a moment of confusion said: "Diddy, biddy," and then, with scarlet face and coldly perspiring brow, gasped out: "Diddy, hiddy, biddy doo?" Then he had to sit down and rest awhile before he could say: "Did he bid adieu?"

—Christian Register.



The winning of the speed indicator reliability contest in England was not a strenuous effort of any specially constructed instrument

The Jones Speedometer

entered in this contest was selected from

STOCK by the committee of judges. Any Jones Speedometer would have performed just as creditably as the Gold Medal instrument. There are more Jones Speedometers in use to-day than all other makes combined.

After deliberating upon the respective merits of each instrument and noting all the points laid down in the regulations for consideration, the judges have placed the entries in the following ORDER OF MERIT:

- 1 Jones (Gold Medal). 2 Elliott (Silver Medal).
- 3 Cowey Ind. 4 Gratzke. 5 Vulcan.
- 6 Cowey Rec. 7 Warner Auto-Meter.

Jones Speedometer Co.

104 W. 32d St. New York

The Jones Speedometers were in the Golden Tour were all bought and paid for—not placed on the cars for advertising purposes.



Headgear

—the distinctive part of dress in all ages and nations. That is why gentlemen have always been so particular about their hats.

Whether you spend the Winter in New York, Paris or Cairo you will find the

KNOX HAT

quietly asserting its supremacy in good taste and high quality—a quality as fixed as the price.



Knox agents are showing the Fall and Winter styles in Men's and Women's Hats in all the principal cities of the United States.

GRAYGOOD HYDRAULIC

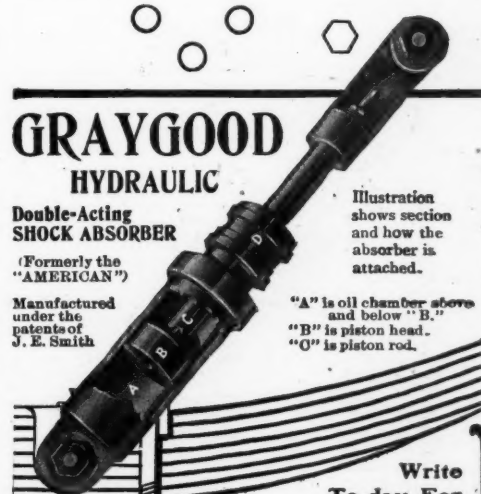
Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBER

(Formerly the "AMERICAN")

Manufactured under the patents of J. E. Smith

Illustration shows section and how the absorber is attached.

"A" is oil chamber above and below "B."
"B" is piston head.
"C" is piston rod.



Write To-day For Our Free Booklet

giving in full the principle, construction, and practice of the only real shock absorber for automobiles—the one that absorbs all shocks, does not stiffen the springs, and when once adjusted needs no readjustment. Demonstrated, sold, and applied by auto dealers and garages or by

GRAHAM & GOODMAN

Sole Mfrs. 50 West 93d Street, New York
Reliable Agents Wanted.

Chickering

Pianos



THE Chickering Piano is the result of skill, inspired by a keen appreciation of the artistic and a desire to live up to an enviable reputation, directed by the latest scientific knowledge, and practical experience gained by 80 years of piano building. The resulting excellence, both as to tone, touch and general staying power, is the reason, and the only reason, for the uniformly high favor in which it is held in exclusive musical circles. It is conceded to be a standard of comparison for all other makes.

CHICKERING & SONS, 796 Tremont St., Fenway Station, BOSTON
Established 1823 Catalogue upon request

Overcast Stitch
Prevents
Inside
Raveling

How Many Trips
to the Laundry?

Gutter
Seam
Prevents
Saw-
Edges

Corliss - Coon
Collars, 2 for 25c

stand the Laundry Test better because details of construction—such as those illustrated—are never slighted though they add greatly to cost of making.

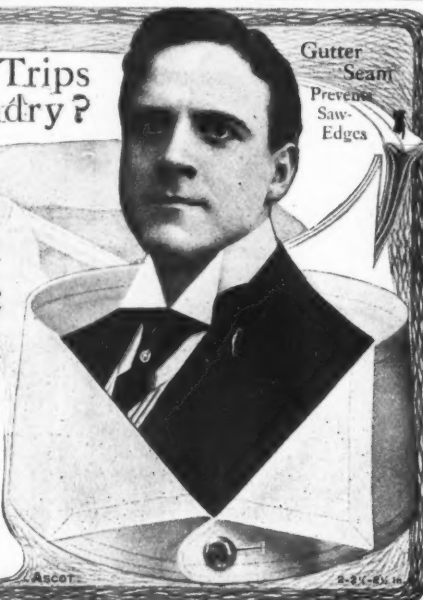
Our Ascot Collar is correct for Fall. It is cut back fairly well, has decided style and is a most comfortable "wing."

Ask your furnisher to show you Corliss-Coon Collars. If you are not willingly supplied write us and we will fill your order by mail, direct from our factory, at the regular price, 2 for 25c.

Corliss, Coon & Co.

Dept. I. N.

Troy, N. Y.



Dog Proves Faithful

Though Crippled by Buggy, Leads Blind Man Home

FORT WORTH, TEX., Sept. 20.—There is a blind man in Fort Worth who has long been a familiar figure on the street corners. He sells the *Dallas News* every morning and is led from place to place by a dog, which seems to possess as much intelligence as a human being, although it hasn't the power of speech.

The dog's master's eyes are sightless, but the faithful little animal supplies the eyes for the man and conducts him to any part of the city in a manner that is marvelous. When the man wants to buy another supply of the *Dallas News* he shakes the chain and says a word or two to the dog. The canine wags his tail, looks up into his master's face and leads him unerringly to the *News* branch office.

Perhaps it is necessary to cross the streets once or twice to get there, but the dog looks out for automobiles, street cars and other vehicles and shields his blind owner from danger.

Although successful heretofore in protecting his master from bodily harm in the crowded streets, the dog himself was not so fortunate to-day, for while in the act of passing from one curb to another he was struck by a buggy wheel and badly injured about his hind legs. In considerable pain and walking on three legs, the dog showed no disposition to neglect his master after the accident, but continued to lead him from place to place until the morning's work was finished and both wended their way slowly homeward, the dog limping and making little progress and the blind man groping his way behind him.—*Associated Press.*

Thought He Saw Double

A WORTHY professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion.

The day was hot, the wine cool, the professor's thirst great, and the fair neighbor with whom the professor was engaged in a lively conversation filled his glass as often as it was emptied.

When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet.

In his anxiety to save appearances, he repaired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house yielded to the wishes of her lady friends and ordered the nurse to bring in the baby twins.

The pair were lying together on a pillow, and the nurse presented them for inspection to the person nearest the door, who happened to be the professor.

The latter gazed intently at them for awhile, as if deciding whether or not there were two, or one, and then said, somewhat huskily:

"Really, what a bonny little child!"—*People's Magazine.*

Out of Danger

DOCTOR WHIPPLE, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects unguarded in the lodge.

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Proof of His Skill

FRANK MILES DAY, the well-known architect and essayist of Philadelphia, stepped carefully from a Persian rug of dull green and old rose to another rug of rich blue, for the polished floor beneath was dark and smooth and slippery, like ice.

"Rather a good polish there, I think," said Mr. Day's host, a resident of Rittenhouse Square.

"Remarkably good indeed," said Mr. Day.

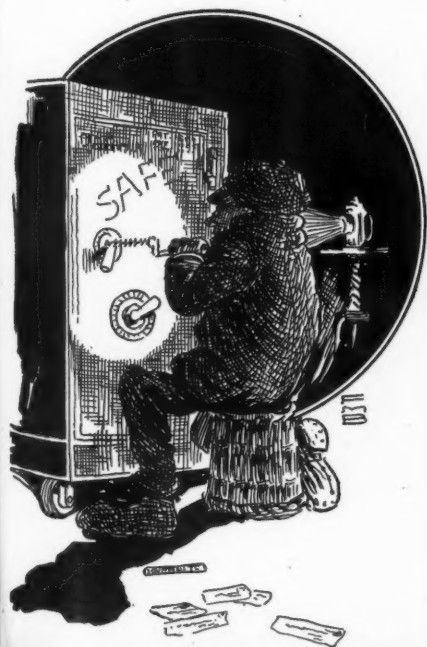
The host just then slipped and nearly fell, and the architect, with a laugh, went on:

"A friend of mine has beautiful floors, and the other day he sent for a floor polisher.

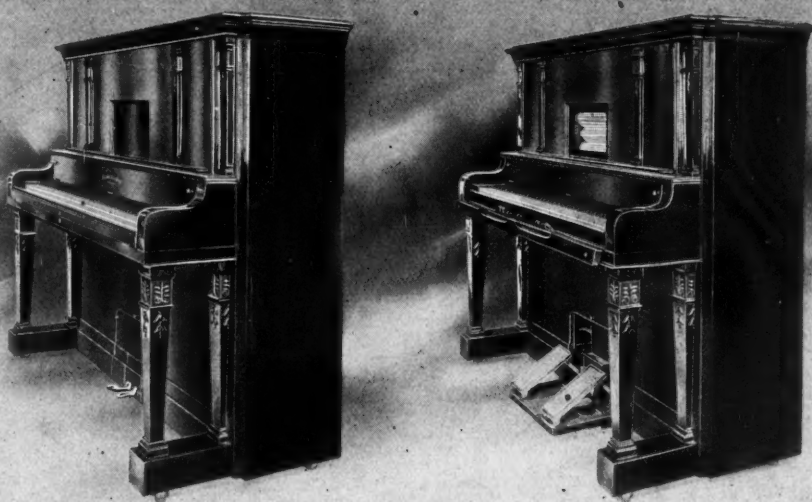
"I want these floors polished," he said to the man, as he led him about the house. "They are, you perceive, fine ones. They ought to come out as lustrous as rosewood. Do you think you're capable of doing them justice? Give me some proof of your thorough competence."

"That's easily done, sir," the polisher replied. "You just go and ask Colonel Snow, next door but one, about my work. He'll tell ye. Why, governor, on the polished floor of Colonel Snow's dining-room alone five persons got broken limbs last winter, while two ladies slipped down the grand staircase during the Easter week ball, and one dislocated her hip, while the other fractured three ribs. You ask Colonel Snow, sir. I polished that floor and that there staircase of his'n."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A MAN hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came across the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He had not the strength to go farther, but managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. He then made himself as comfortable as possible and waited. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer just in time to save his life. —*Kansas City Independent.*



WORKING ON A HARD CASE



The Emerson=Angelus

Perfect Playing with the Touch of Human Feeling

To many, music is a pleasure, the source of which must always be in the hands of another.

The **Emerson=Angelus**, however, brings to unskilled fingers the power to give perfect technical rendering of simple or complicated music. More than this—by its sympathetic, sensitive touch it allows the player to put into the music his own feeling. This elusive personal element need not be sought by the player, for unconsciously, as the music becomes familiar, he finds himself "shading" it in the way it appeals to him.

Here is a quality which has made the **Emerson=Angelus** so highly valued by those who have had long training—they can play perfectly and yet without a noticeably mechanical effect.

Have you appreciated how much pleasure this **Emerson Piano**, so rich in its tone, combined with the **Angelus**, with its great possibilities, would bring to your home?

We will send, upon request, a copy of our new free catalog, and the name of a dealer at whose store you can try the **Angelus**.

Purchased by Royalty and the World's Greatest Musicians.

Descriptive literature on request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

Established 1876

CALDER'S
25¢ 25¢
NAIL-POLISH TABLET

**BRIDGE
PLAYERS**

especially should use

**CALDER'S
NAIL-POLISH TABLET**

Neglected Nails are most unsightly—C. N. P. T. gives a brilliant, lasting polish
AT SHOPS. SAMPLE BY MAIL 10 CENTS

ALBERT L. CALDER CO.
Providence, R. I.

MANUFACTURERS CALDER'S DENTINE

JENNER & COMPANY

Undivided Estates Exclusively

55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Telephone 4050-4051 Rector . . . Cable Address "Jennlann"

UNDIVIDED ESTATES

WE deal in all kinds of undivided estate interests, including vested or contingent remainder interests, subject to life estate or payable at some future, fixed period. We purchase or arrange advances upon the security of such interests upon moderate terms and at legal interest.

Our facilities for handling such proposals are adequate for any requirement.

ANDREW USHER & CO'S

"EXCEPTIONAL"
"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."
AND
"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"
(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET & OTHER WHISKIES.)

SCOTCH WHISKIES.

G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.

Sole Agent, New York

Do one thing and do it well.
We make bond paper—nothing else—because we know *how* to make it, and because

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is the standard; and the demand for it by discriminating business men and progressive mercantile houses makes it worth our while to devote our every energy to its quality and quantity.

We are the only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

The printer "who knows" never loses an opportunity to cement his trade by recommending the bond with the *crackle of quality*.

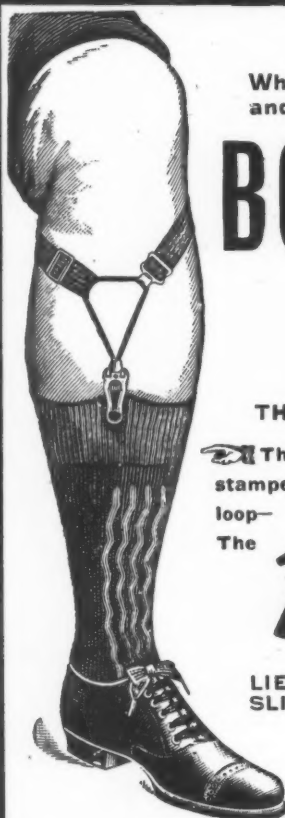
It costs a trifle more, of course. It should, but its proportionate cost over ordinary papers is very slight.

Write us on your present letterhead for the *Book of Specimens*, showing OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, printed, lithographed and engraved on letterheads, checks and other business forms, or ask your printer for it.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



GENTLEMEN

Who dress for style, neatness and comfort wear the improved

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—The

Velvet Grip

CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

Brands of Quality

Havana Cigars

From the

Independent Factories

of CUBA

Partagas y Ca

Romeo y Julieta

Giaconda

Mi Necha

Castaneda

H. Upmann & Co.

Punch

Belinda

Rey del Mundo

Por Larranaga

¶ These brands are preferred by the discriminating smoker because they are made under the personal supervision of the few men who for years have made Havana Cigars famous.

¶ There is *personal care—individuality*—behind each detail in their manufacture.

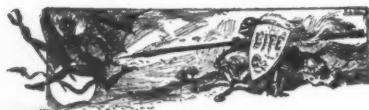
♦ LIFE ♦



OCTOBER

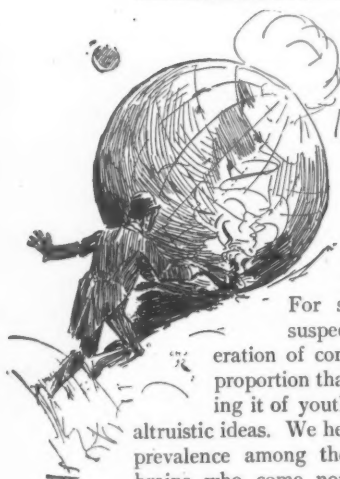
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1906



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. OCT. 4, 1906. No. 1249.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



WHAT about the generation of likely American young men who are either just taking hold of affairs or have just reached places where their influence tells?

For some reason we suspect this rising generation of containing a bigger proportion than the one preceding it of youths with large and altruistic ideas. We hear of a surprising prevalence among the young men of brains who come nowadays from the universities of the disposition to get into the political rush-line and have something to say about government. All these young men seem to be radicals, of more or less ferocity, as is proper to their time of life. All ideas being new to them, they are not at all afraid of the ideas that are new to the aged. A good many of them have got money and others have the advantage of subsisting off the labors of parents who still work, and of being free from the need of devoting all their energies to making a living. They are inquisitive, critical and unabashed. They read papers of all hues and magazines of all stripes, ask questions and plunge about after practical experience, and where they find something that seems to need doing, they are apt to get in and try to do it.

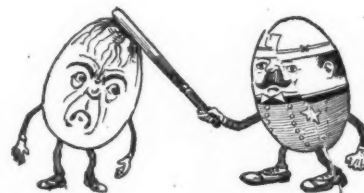
The sentiment, so strong in the generation that began to vote thirty years ago, that the chief end of a young man is to get some money, seems to have suffered some abatement of strength in current years. It is a sentiment to the clamor of which no reasoning man is altogether deaf, but really it seems not to be so generally the moving sentiment of the young Americans of to-day as of the generations that followed the Civil War

and closed out the nineteenth century. It has been complained of us Americans that we are much too exclusively bent on material acquisition, and that our whole apparatus seemed to be devoted and subordinated to money-making. These new young men have room for something else in their heads. And what wonder, considering the awful drubbing so many of our leading money-makers have been getting! It is the simple truth that they have so overdone their job as to inspire disgust. The sentiment is really spreading that to bend oneself to the work of hogging everything in sight is an inglorious way to invest one's life. Men who have done it the most successfully are getting to be more generally regarded as ogres than is pleasant. The ogres are getting to find themselves on the defensive. They begin to be apologetic, their friends are apologetic; even their lawyers begin to apologize for working for them. It is not surprising that likely young men, when they contemplate such shapes as now stand for the biggest commercial success and observe the general contempt that many of them inspire, and inquire into the reasons for that contempt, and find them pretty sound, should exclaim: "Gracious heavens! We don't want to be things like those!"



NOT only is the extreme of selfish materialism disenchanting as they see it and read about it, but other sorts of endeavor are attractive by contrast. Without doubt, President Roosevelt's remarkable public career has had great influence on the generation following his and encouraged the belief that government is not hopelessly committed to selfish interests of capital, the tariff-mongers, the land-looters, the pension-hunters, the place-hunters, the bosses and their henchmen, but that the voters are still responsive to ideas and that political influence and power are for him who can deserve them. Mr. Churchill's performance in New Hampshire is the latest incident to give support to this feeling. Largely on his own initiative, he came forward as candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor as representative of the belief that a railroad lobby had had control of

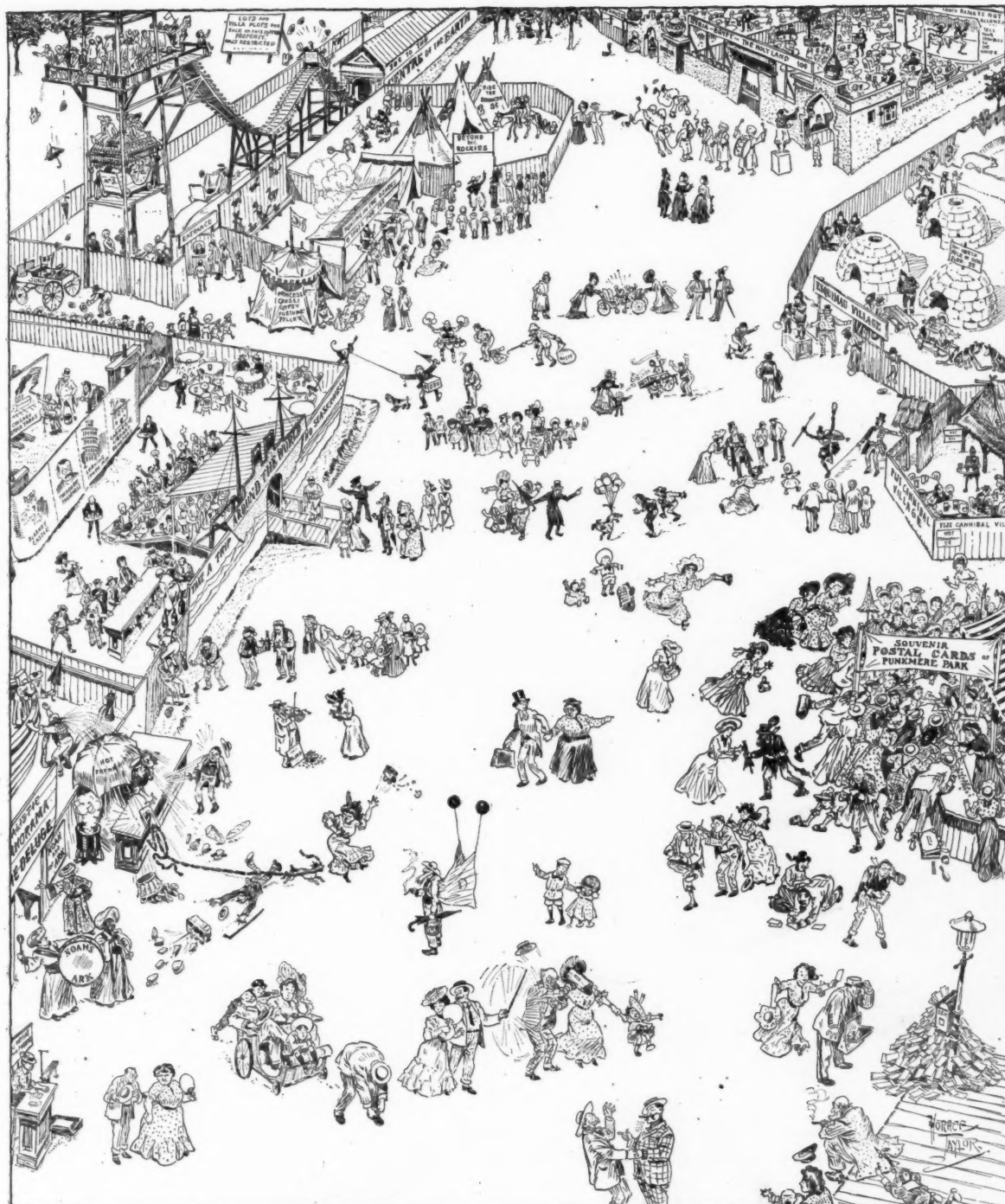
the State of New Hampshire long enough. His adventure was laughed at until he had gathered an alarming amount of support, and then it was fought with all possible vigor. He did not get the nomination, but of four candidates, he had a much stronger following than any other one, and he saw most of the ideas his candidacy represented embodied in the platform on which his successful rival is to run.



SO THE smashing of the Odell régime in the recent primaries in New York and the closeness of the recent Maine election are hopeful signs of the increasing willingness of voters to think and to recognize and support a hopeful movement when they see it. Maine very nearly went Democratic out of sheer disgust at the alliance between the Republican party and an outworn and dishonest State prohibition.

There are tokens everywhere of a new spirit in American politics, of a disposition to break away from party habits, to abandon the shadows of issues that are dead and take up with issues that are living. Moreover, there is, as has been pointed out elsewhere, a new and powerful national influence in the ten-cent magazines and weekly papers, which go to enormous numbers of readers all over the country and give them political information, all of which is highly stimulating and a good deal of which is true. Altogether, politics is a more attractive field for beginners than it has been for a long, long time, and it is reassuring to see the indications that the harvest is calling out a class of workers who are fit to reap it.

As LIFE goes to press the New York State conventions are still in prospect, but there is increasing expectation that at least one of them, or perhaps both, will offer to the voters a candidate for governor of such quality and character as to be acceptable to citizens who want to see the government of a great State in hands fit to direct it in the interest of all the people.



FROM OUR AIRSHIP
THE AMUSEMENT PARK

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged ... \$4,555 56
 From William and John ... 5 00
 Proceeds of a Fair conducted by Isabel,
 Elsie, Madeleine, Cordelia, Merope
 and Dorothea ... 53 25
 \$4,613 81

LAKE PLACID CLUB, ESSEX CO.,
 N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I enclose my check for \$53.25, the proceeds of a fair conducted for the benefit of LIFE's Fresh Air Farm by six little girls who are spending the summer in the Adirondacks. These little girls are Isabel and Elsie McLennan, Madeleine McClintock, Cordelia and Merope Jaunaris and Dorothea Abbott.

Perhaps the following may be a convenient form of acknowledgment in your columns:

Proceeds of a fair conducted by
 Isabel, Elsie, Madeleine, Cor-
 delia, Merope and Dorothea... \$53 25
 You may be interested in the enclosed
 advertisements of the enterprise.

Yours very truly,

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

September 13, 1906.

FAYRE!!

THIS AFTERNUN FRUM THRE TU
 SICKS O'KLOK THE LITL GURLZ
 UV THEANOGUN WIL HOLD A
 FAYRE IN ROK LODJ PLA-HOWCE
 FOR THE BENEFIT OF

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

TEE, LEMONADE, KANDEE

AND

LUVLEE FANSEE ARTIKLZ

NOTE—The manajerz hav adopted the
 spelling uv Prezydunt Rozevelt.
 Thursday, Sept. 6, 1906.

To Our Patrons

IF OUR prices seem higher
 Than allowed by the laws
 Of bazaar, fair or kermess,
 Remember the CAUSE!

If the tea is too strong
 For your palate, please pause
 Before making complaints
 And remember the CAUSE!

If the lemonade's weak
 And deserves no applause,

Kind purchaser, smile,
 And remember the CAUSE!

If the candy seems tough
 For your tongue and your jaws,
 There's one thing that's tender,
 And that is the CAUSE!

When you thought to buy silk
 And it turns out but gauze,
 Remember, good friends,
 That it's all for the CAUSE!

If in some of our stitches
 You find a few flaws,
 Remember they're made
 For a very good CAUSE!

And so we appeal to
 Our "Paws" and our "Maws"
 To open their purses
 In behalf of the CAUSE.

What your're buying is sunshine,
 Good health and fresh air
 For the child of the slums—
 That's the CAUSE of our Fair!

True Politeness

THE WOLF (to the Stork): After you,
 Alphonse.



WHY THEY MARRIED

THEY ARE MARRIED AND MAUDIE LOOKS QUITE WORN OUT.
 IT'S NO WONDER—HE PESTERED HER SO;
 HE PROPOSED FORTY THOUSAND AND NINETY-SEVEN TIMES—
 EVERY TIME BUT THE LAST SHE SAID: "NO!"

YOUNG TWENTYPERR LOOKED CAREFULLY BEFORE A WIFE HE TOOK,
 HIS WIFE WOULD HAVE TO KNOW A THING OR TWO,
 HE WANTED TO BE CERTAIN THAT HIS SPOUSE KNEW HOW TO COOK—
 THE WAY HIS MOTHER DIDN'T USED TO DO!



His Wife: I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY HAVEN'T SENT THE CARRIAGE FOR US. I SAID IN MY LETTER WE WOULD COME ON THIS TRAIN.

THE inhabitants of Mars seem to have got over their canal-making troubles, while ours are just beginning.



AUTOMOBILE NEWS
JONES HAS A LITTLE RUNABOUT

Story of an Epitaph

IN THE little town of Bolivar, Tennessee, there is a quaint epitaph, connected with which there is an interesting bit of political history. Colonel Ezekiel Polk was the uncle of James K. Polk, President of the United States. The old gentleman was a "character" in his day. Fearing that indiscriminating eulogists might carve flatteries upon his monument, he constructed his own epitaph, and left definite instructions to have it placed upon his tomb. Here it is:

Here lies the remains of old E. P.,
An instance of mortality.
Pennsylvania born, North Carolina bred,
In Tennessee he will die in his bed.
His early days he spent in pleasure,
His latter years in getting treasure.
As for knavery and foreseeing,
He knew as much as most of being.
Tithes and pence, and such foolish things,
Were only made for priests and kings.
To such follies he was never willing

To contribute one solitary shilling.
But I fear the Methodists, with their camp-bawling,
Will be the cause of this country's down-falling!

The old Colonel's instructions were carried out most faithfully, and for several years there might have been seen in the family cemetery of the Polk family this charmingly frank expression of his political and theological opinions. But in 1844, when his illustrious nephew was a candidate for the presidency, the Democrats, fearing the presence and "pernicious activity" of the ubiquitous newspaper man, removed the obnoxious tombstone to the family smokehouse. There it rested till the time of the Rebellion, when the Union soldiers, raiding through the State, dragged it from its place of concealment, and it now lies in the neglected garden of an old family mansion, half covered with weeds and wildflowers.



"ANY DEATHS IN THE PAPER?"
"NO nice ONES"

The Case of the Rev. Mr. Cox



THE Rev. George C. Cox, of Cincinnati, has written an open letter to the Episcopal Bishop of southern Ohio saying that he is not in accord in his present religious beliefs with various items of the creed of his church as interpreted and set forth, or taken for granted, in the Episcopal Prayer-Book. As he stands, he is not quite comfortable as a minister in the Episcopal Church, and yet he likes that church better than any other and does not want to leave its ministry. He wants his bishop to tell him whether he ought to remain in the Episcopal ministry or not, but says that if he is to remain he must be able to hope that such changes will be made in the prayer-book as will make persons of

his way of thinking better satisfied with their position. Meanwhile he wants to speak his mind freely.

We don't see why Mr. Cox should not hope that changes will be made in the prayer-book. Nobody claims that the prayer-book is an inspired performance. We surmise there are errors in it, and that some of them in due time will be corrected. Hope freely, Mr. Cox; there is nothing to hinder.

As for speaking freely all your doubts and disbeliefs, that is a matter that offers an excellent field for the exercise of judgment. Our own doubts and disbeliefs vary so much from year to year that we dislike to expound them, so in our own preaching we stick to our beliefs, which are abundantly numerous, and

avoid kicking such unbeliefs as can sleep without snoring.

Can't you do that, Mr. Cox? You know that most of the tenets that you reject have been rejected off and on by somebody for many centuries; so it isn't as if you had discovered them.

And as for the bishop, Mr. Cox, we confess that if we were in his place we should sit tight and let you conduct the whole of the public correspondence. So doing, he would be kind to himself and kind to you, for it does not lie in the discretion of the bishop to authorize and encourage you to do what you say you want to do—stay in the Episcopal Church and assail some of its doctrines from an Episcopal pulpit. If you are willing to do that you ought to be willing to do it on your own responsibility.



OUR BEGINNING



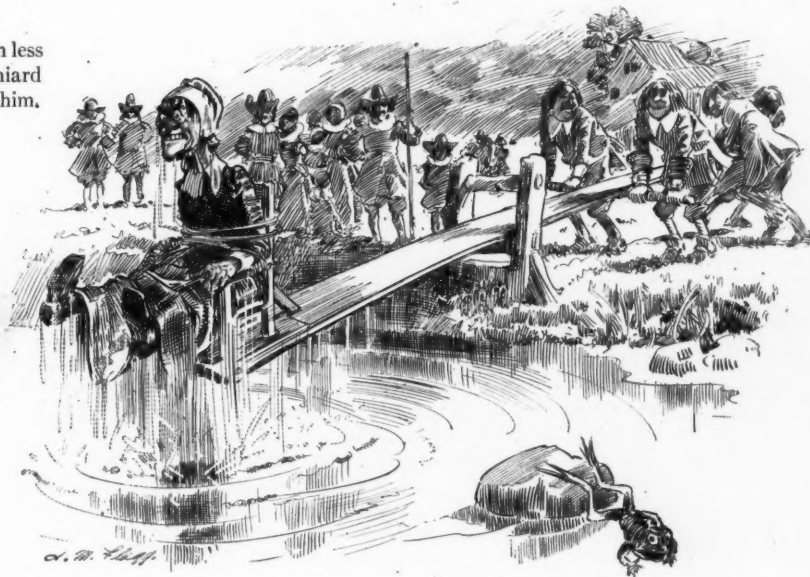
Some Discoveries

BALBOA'S discovery of the Pacific was even less easy than it looks. For the intrepid Spaniard found difficulties of no mean sort awaiting him.

"Is it the Pacific, or only Great Salt Lake?" he exclaimed, vainly trying to penetrate, with his eagle eye, the inscrutable depths of the waters which thundered their defiance at his feet.

Then it was that, under a species of inspiration, he suddenly called out, "Reed Smoot!" thrice, in a distinct voice, and, upon getting no answer, said, definitely: "The ayes appear to have it. The ayes have it. It is the Pacific."

Was not this fortunate, in view of all the interesting and important things which history still had up her sleeve?



THE "WATER CURE" AS APPLIED TO CERTAIN COLONIAL DAMES



BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC

Had Balboa chosen the wrong horn of his dilemma, how would President Roosevelt ever have gone to work to dig the Panama Canal, and what would world politics be without a Far East?

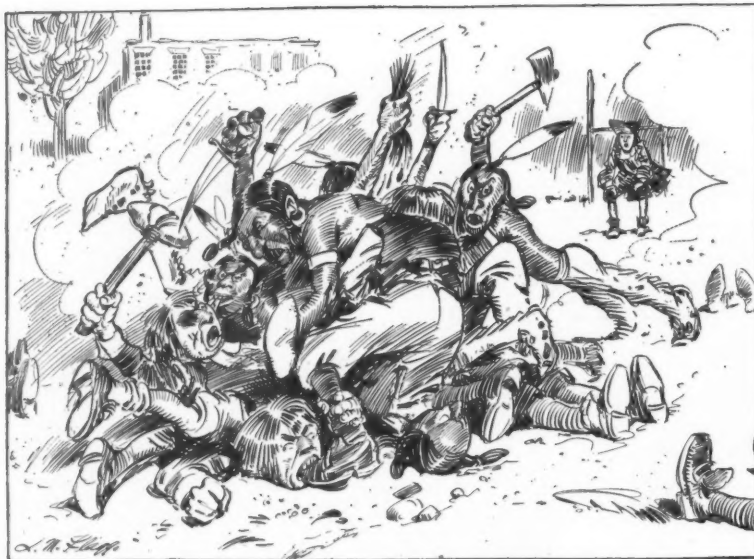
Civilization owes something to Spain, and as often as she sends a collector we should treat him courteously and tell him when to call again.

The adventure of John Smith and Pocahontas has never been looked at, in a serious way, from the point of view of Powhatan, the girl's father. As a matter of fact, Powhatan was profoundly affected.

"To think of a man at my age being made meat of for the historical novelists by his own flesh and blood!" he exclaimed, and never smiled again.

Whether it was because they were not gifted with the dramatic instinct, or whether, although aware that the moment was in no uncommon sense psychological, they reflected that a moment was not enough, under the Church of England ritual, Smith and Pocahontas did not marry. Notwithstanding this, there have always been Smiths in this country. At one time there were no fewer than six Smiths sitting in Congress, not to mention any other correctional institutions.

When the Chief Massasoit, putting on as many airs as if he were Soxalexis at the very least, handed out to Governor Winthrop the rattlesnake skin filled with arrows, the Governor, who was something of a sport himself, passed it back with the Yale yell rendered into Pequod



ORIGIN OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL. YALE VS. INDIANS—1650

and a megaphone draped with blue streamers. The savage was frozen with horror, but managed to affect the characteristic stoicism of his race and stood pat.

"I can't stand patter," he is quoted as saying. "Anything but patter!"

It was in this game that the rule against off-side playing was brought forward, the colonists having a notion that the aborigines were blind on the high side.

Certain casuists raised the question of propriety, but they were sharply reminded that if Samuel hewed Agag in pieces in Gilgal, there could be no great harm in their kicking the dressing out of the heathen in North Braintree, or wherever the game was pulled off. The Puritans raised the battle-cry: "Trust in the Lord, but Keep Your Pneumatic Chest Protector Inflated!" and the Indians replied with "Be Brief!"

The Six Nations, who were roughing it in the Adirondacks that summer, came over and rooted for the reds, and were shown every courtesy. After they had seen every courtesy, they went back under the impression that they were Twelve Nations, and wondered where they should all sleep.

Our forefathers took themselves as seriously as if they were medicine, and in nothing is this more clearly shown than in their resort to the ducking-stool.

They appear to us very finicky. What would they do, if they lived in our day, when women actually imagine themselves about as good as men, even though they don't say so?

To our refined sense of justice, it seems a monstrous thing to have to see a skinny woman immersed.

With a plump and pleasing person to which wet garments might cling without derogation, it were different, but the stern old Puritans were no respecters of persons.

For the men folks they had the stocks, which were of two sorts, one upholstered and the other not. This gave rise to the distinction, in the vernacular, between common and preferred stocks, which obtains even to this day in certain sections of the country.

Lief Ericson was really a poet, and only went into the discovering line in order to defray the postage, which was much greater in those days. He was about the earliest example of the literary pirate, but withal something of a dilettante. He always thought he discovered America, whereas, in point of fact, he only discovered Newport, which, as we all know, is no more America than the foam is the beer (*Aber der Schaum ist das Bier auch nicht zugleich*).

St. Patrick, on the other hand, was more practical. He had the faculty of going always to the kernel of the matter, as is evidenced by his discovering New York, in preference either to Boston or Philadelphia, although the Irishry of eastern Massachusetts profess to believe that this was all a mistake, and that St. Patrick supposed Sandy Hook to be Cape Cod



LIEF ERICSON SUBMITS SAGAS ON GREENLAND



ST. PATRICK DISCOVERS AMERICA

and Tammany Hall to be Faneuil Hall. But no good will ever come of arguing these obscure points of history, and we

will pass on, bespeaking a broad tolerance for such errors as spring more out of ignorance than out of perversity.

Lacking

"MY COUNTRY!" exclaimed the man, because it was fashionable, and filled his mouth nicely. "May she be always right, but right or wrong, my country!"

However, after he had repeated the sentiment over a few times, it began to strike him as a trifle illogical.

"Either I don't really wish her to be always right, or I won't be upholding her when I know's she's wrong," he argued, and it looked such a very plain proposition that he wondered at his warmth of a little while ago.

The chances are that he was temperamentally defective, somewhat after the manner of those singular creatures who imagine a man is a pretty good patriot if he does as he would be done by, whether or not he takes off his hat when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

Dramatic Boom

THE theatrical outlook is good. There are some new plays of fair promise in the New York theatres, and seventy-five million lobsters that were put into the water this summer by the Government on the Maine coast are ripening fast.

Failed to Please

HIS eyes make no attempt to conceal his admiration of the beautiful young thing as she enters the parlor.

Indeed, he does not want them to.

"You are positively queenly," he declares, enthusiastically.

An offended expression comes to her face.

"Queenly?" she asks, disdainfully.

"Yes; you are a veritable queen in appearance."

Haughtily she bids him leave.

"But why?" he inquires, amazed.

"Oh, nothing. I'm a queen in appearance, am I? Well, I happened to look over a lot of magazine pictures of different queens and princesses to-day, and if you think I look like them it's time for you and me to be strangers."

ONE of Brookline's smart young matrons, the wife of a prominent surgeon, was giving a bridge party, and consulting her husband, was advised by him to apply to one of the local undertakers for chairs. She telephoned, and was horrified at the reply:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. F—, let you have all you want at half price, because the Doctor gives us so much business!"

Characteristics

You are The Other Fellow is

STRONG-MINDED,	Stubborn,
Self-respecting,	Vain,
Generous,	Extravagant,
Honest,	Hair-splitting,
Tastefully dressed,	Foppish,
Courteous,	Servile,
Dignified,	Puffed up,
Manly,	Brusque,
Sympathetic,	Inquisitive,
Ambitious,	Covetous,
Prudent,	Selfish,
Frank,	Rude,
Refined,	Effeminate,
Enthusiastic,	Fanatical,
Eloquent,	Long-winded,
Witty,	Frivolous,
Particular,	Fussy,
Well-read,	Pedantic,
Successful,	Lucky,
Unlucky,	Incompetent.



THIS is Humpty Dumpty's great-great-uncle.

Christopher Columbus taught him how to walk.

When young he was good hearted—or, rather, good yolked.

As he grew older he got more scents. Everybody that nose him will tell you that he is very, very bad.

A Dutch grocer would recommend him as a good cooking egg.

But his culinary training has been neglected so long that I fear he could not make even an eatable omelet.

He goes to see and applaud poor lecturers and bum actors.

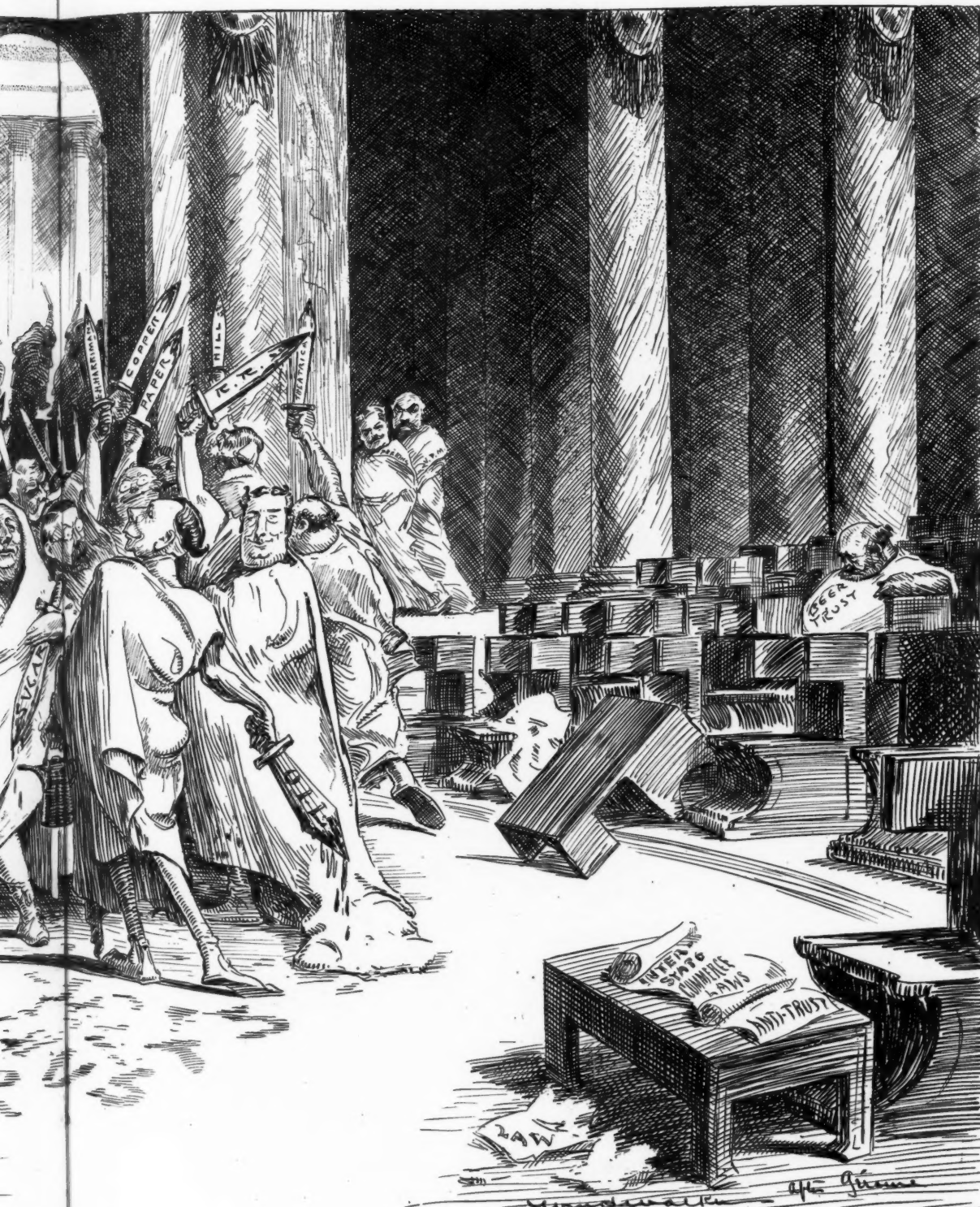
The only one who really loved him was Li Hung Chang.

He uses a crutch and cane, but he is getting stronger every day.

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THE DEATH OF COMPETITION
AFTER GENOME'S DEATH OF CARS



DEATH OF COMPETITION
AFTER GENOME'S DEATH OF CAESAR



HILDA SPONG IN "JOHN HUDSON'S WIFE"

woman and then is sorry for it. A good central character very well played has carried many a poor play, but in the present instance the author failed to make either play or character even interesting.

* * *

PERHAPS, in essaying *Puck*, Annie Russell was incited by the success of Maude Adams as *Peter Pan*. There is a certain similarity in the two rôles, particularly in the matter of costume. In characterization there is also a likeness, but in both respects Annie Russell has copied Maude Adams no more than Mr. Barrie has copied Shakespeare. In respect of imitation, therefore, honors are even as between the imitator of Shakespeare and the creator of the present *Puck*. Of the latter it may be said that she was appealing and graceful as the embodiment of the Robin Goodfellow tradition, but that there was a monotony in her plaintive intoning of the lines and that often her delivery was faulty in enunciation and clearness. She was in no respects a bad

fairy, but her entry into a new field of artistic endeavor is not likely to add to the laurels she has deservedly gained in other lines of work. Mr. Bunny's performance of *Bottom* was, barring overelaboration in certain places, an intelligent and effective rendering of a part many of whose points have not been so well achieved by artists better known to fame. The rest of the cast seemed to emphasize the fact that we have few competent interpreters of the lines of Shakespeare left on our stage. Not one of them was as eloquent with the voice as Dorte De Veney, the dancer, was with her agile and extremely long—pardon us, Mr. Comstock, we came very near saying nether extremities.

In modern productions of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" great stress is laid on the scenic features of this play. In almost everything the production at the Astor Theatre is in this respect a creditable and charming effort. In some scenes the very large collection of fairies of all sizes and shapes showed a reluctance to move in anything but solid masses, a fault rather destructive of the fairy atmosphere artistically created by the stage settings and the skilful manipulation of the lights. Fairies, even of the Shakespearean kind, are not generally supposed to go about in shoulder-to-shoulder formation, and this apparently minor detail was a considerable blemish on an otherwise creditable performance of the least Shakespearean of Shakespeare's plays.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" bases its claims to popularity largely on its spectacular possibilities. Judged by these alone the first production at New York's newest theatre is very well worth seeing.

Metcalf.



Academy of Music—"Mizpah." Spectacular Biblical play. Notice later.

Astor—Annie Russell, as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." See above.

Belasco—Blanche Bates, Frank Keenan and well-selected company in elaborate staging of interesting American play, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Bijou—Mr. Nat Goodwin in "The Genius." Notice later.

Casino—"My Lady's Maid." See opposite.

Empire—Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order." Drama of English domestic life, with Mr. John Drew as the star. Interesting, but would be more understandable if differently cast.

Garriok—Last week of Mr. Crane in Suro's "The Price of Money." Light but interesting drama.

Hackett—Mr. James K. Hackett in "The Walls of Jericho."

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields and unusual cast in "About Town." Musical piece handsomely staged and diverting.

Hippodrome—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Ballet, spectacle and circus features. The best of its kind.

Lyric—Mme. Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Strong play admirably staged and acted.



A QUESTION IN HIGH LIFE

Majestic—"The Tourists." Richard Golden and good company in conventional musical play rather more amusing than usual.

Manhattan—Grace George in "Clothes." Light comedy of contemporary society life. Well staged and amusing.

Princess—Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." Notice later.

Weber's—Hilda Spong in "John Hudson's Wife." See opposite.



MINE SCHNEIDER HE ISN'T GOOD LOOKING, HE MIGHT BE MORE HANDSOMER YET— BUT ALREADY I'M RIGHT WHEN I CALL HIM A GOOD ALL-AROUND DOGGIE, YOU BET!

THE LATEST BOOKS

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S new book, *The Treasure of Heaven*, is the story of an old man, very rich and very lonely, who turns tramp in search of a little disinterested affection. The parts which concern themselves with the story are rather interesting, rather pathetic, rather pleasantly old-fashioned in their frank sentimentality. But this very simple piece of fiction, whose one merit would lie in its simplicity, is padded with grandiloquent and affected descriptions and constantly interrupted by passages suggestive of what, in the days of our forebears, was called a common scold. Miss Corelli grows constantly less tolerant of life as she finds it and less willing to let her stories do her preaching for her. One can make allowance for the first tendency. One could even agree with Miss Corelli occasionally if she would only be good-natured about it. But to make of fiction a cart-tail for street oratory is neither good art nor good company.

The first volume of the biography of *Leo Tolstoi*, compiled by Paul Birukoff, has been translated from the Russian. It is an unusual and an interesting work. The compiler has, as nearly as possible, effaced both himself and his opinions, including little or no original comment, narrative or criticism in his pages, but confining his efforts to the collecting and collocating of biographical material consisting of notes by Count Tolstoi himself, reminiscences of contemporaries both published and unpublished, letters and data gleaned from public records. His labor, nevertheless, has unmistakably been one of love and, strange as it may seem, the picture of the man and his surroundings thus produced is astonishingly vivid. The first volume carries his life to the time of his marriage in 1862.

Marie van Vorst's novel, *The Sin of George Warrener*, is a conscientious but unavailing effort to make literary bricks without straw. It is a serious, detailed account of people into whose commonplace and uncongenial company we can imagine no reason for our being inveigled. A story which can boast neither a pleasant character nor an agreeable incident, which neither awakens our emotions nor arouses our sympathies, it is a long time since we have met with a drearier, a more circumstantial or a more unremunerative piece of realism.

The unnamed author of *The Master Man*, a graphic study of a fine old country

doctor in a Southern town, his niece and his neighbors, has written a story which is not only good fiction but which will seem to many readers like a breath of pure air full of ozone. For it is an interpretation of human strength, not of human weakness. It is realistic without being pathological. It deals with life, yet it does not even mention the Seventh Commandment.

Nothing short of a genius for nonsense can enable an author successfully to introduce the atmosphere of comic opera into fiction. On the stage light, color, action, music and the tradition of endurance hold up his hands. But between covers he has only a summer's day, a hammock and his own wit for accessories. Marguerite Merrington's *Scarlett of the Mounted* is a story of Alaska in which the tough population of Lost Shoe Creek, an Irish sergeant of

the mounted police and a Casino chorus of ten society girls looking for a lost father and an imaginary mine call aloud for the support of ballet and baton.

Ronald Macdonald, the author of *The Sea Maid*, if he has not exactly a genius for nonsense, has at least his moments of inspiration. His story promises at first to be a novel of manners, above the average in the crispness of its narration. But the scene and the entire cast are suddenly shifted to an island in the south seas and the novel of manners changes to a rollicking opera bouffe. Both are good, but the sudden *volte-face* is liable to be disconcerting.

In *My Little Boy*, translated from the Danish of Carl Ewald, the author tells us some of his experiences and experiments with his young son. Little matters as



AMBUSHED



That Fool, Brown: HELLO, OLD MAN, ANY TROUBLE?

homely and simple as the title of the book, but one of those admirably unaffected bits of self-revelation which occasionally startle us by the simple process of shocking tradition by confronting it with common sense. Style, personality and point of view combine to give the little volume a flavor of its own.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Treasure of Heaven, by Marie Corelli. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Leo Tolstoi. Childhood and Early Manhood, compiled by Paul Birukoff. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Sin of George Warrener, by Marie van Vorst. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Master Man. (The John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

Scarlett of the Mounted, by Marguerite Merrington. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.25.)

The Sea Maid, by Ronald Macdonald. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

My Little Boy, translated from the Danish of Carl Ewald. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

The Shame of Portland

ADMIRAL EVANS tells the Navy Department that they treat United States sailors so brutally in Portland that he does not propose to let any more warships put in there. The Navy Department says, "All right, Admiral!"

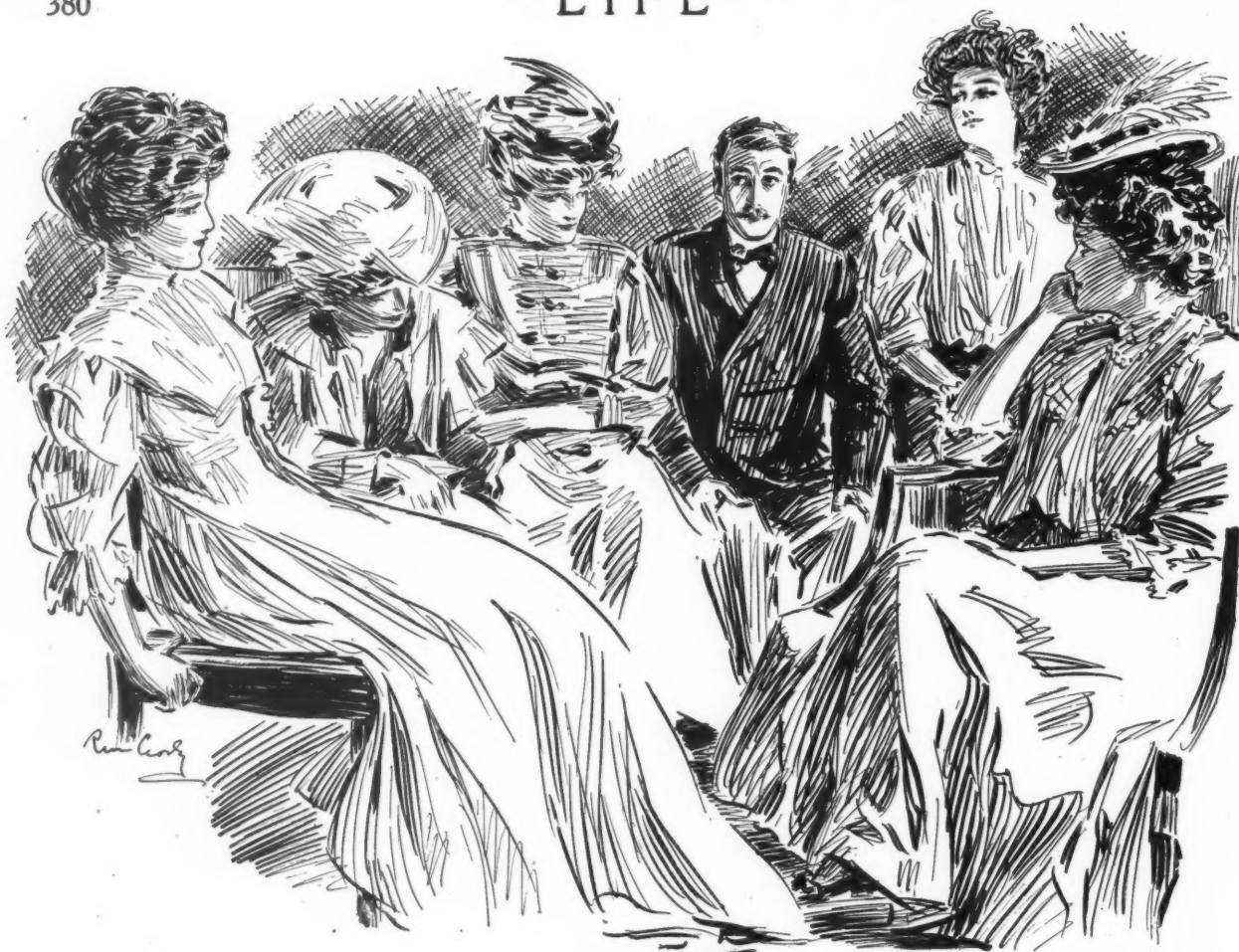
It may be that part of the trouble is that Portland is in Maine and Maine is Prohibition, and, consequently, the Portland grog is poisonous and sold only in disreputable dives. Of all grog, Prohibition grog is the deadliest; and there is always plenty of it.

Admiral Evans, however, does not complain of Portland grog, but of Portland manners. He says his men, while

sober and orderly, were abused and mistreated by the police and denied admission to places of public entertainment for no reason but that they wore the uniform of the United States Navy.

What is the matter with Maine manners? We read that Congressman Littlefield, of that State, narrowly escaped defeat in the recent election because he was so overbearing and dictatorial in his deportment that his own neighbors would not stand it. His own manners and his support of Prohibition would have beaten him, they tell us, if Samuel Gompers had not saved him by cutting into the campaign.

It is not wise to be rude; no, not even to Admiral Evans's sailors.



QUESTIONS FOR BACHELORS
IS THERE SAFETY IN NUMBERS?

Our Habits

IT IS well to keep on hand a judicious and comprehensive stock of bad habits to select from in case of necessity.

As for our good habits, they are pretty likely to take care of themselves. They should also be cultivated judiciously and within reasonable limits. A set of overworked good habits is not always conducive to the best results. They may suddenly go on strike just at the time when one needs them most.

Bad habits have been almost universally held up to scorn, and there is, no doubt, much reason why this should be so. But let us be fair and give them their just due.

One needs to know them enough to be persuaded of their danger. Frequently they are a source of pleasure, and when we have parted from them we may look back with regret. It often happens, however, that we do not recognize them until we have gotten rid of them. We always know them when some one else has them, but rarely when they are our own.

Good habits, on the contrary, we are much more prone to recognize in ourselves than in others.

The Stock Market

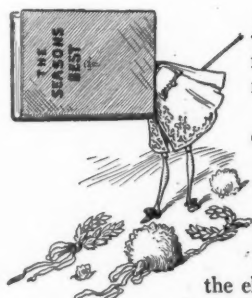
For the Man Who Takes Everything Literally

CHEESE ON ADVANCE.

Wall Street Very Weak.	Monday Was a Heavy Day.
Cheese Market Stronger.	The Bears Pounded May.
Here's a Bear on Pacific.	Is Mr. J. P. Morgan a Bull?
Bears Have Been Badly Hit.	The Kind of Bull Gates Is.
Wheat Advanced Sharply.	Eggs Climbing Higher.
Hogs Go Lower To-day.	Dressed Hogs Were Higher.
Eggs Beginning to Drop.	Stocks Were Rather Tame.
Had 86,400,000 Passengers.	Cattle Cabled Rather Easy.
Local Oats Advancing.	Mexicans Also Have Rally.
Another Jump in Oil.	

IF preachers meant all they say, they would take no vacations.

The Case of Miss Garth



ANYBODY who knows anything about the world of books is aware that the firm of Carter and Company is one of the most eminently respectable in the business. Also that Miss Gertrude Garth is one of the most prominent authors. Witness the tremendous sales of her last book, "The Devil's Throne."

Late in the afternoon Miss Garth got out of an electric cab in front of Carter and Company's. As she stepped inside, the elevator boy recognized her. The salesman languidly leaning against the first five hundred copies of the fifth edition of "The Devil's Throne" recognized her. The cashier in the far corner recognized her, and the office boy recognized her. Indeed, she was not unlike the splendid poster that embellished the window of Carter and Company's establishment.

"Mr. Merlin." Miss Garth nodded to the elevator boy.

Mr. Merlin was the manager and literary adviser of Carter and Company. He it was who first "discovered" Miss Garth. He it was who had first encouraged her to go from one mediocre success to another more pronounced, until her position had finally been established.

Now, as she entered his office, he arose and held out his hand with that mixture of cordiality and deference which is due to a successful author from her publisher.

"Your book is having a great run, Miss Garth," he said. "For the last four days it has been selling at the rate of nearly twenty-five hundred a day. That means one hundred thousand copies before the season is over. Great business!"

His fine face—for in spite of his long years in the publishing

business, it was a face of inherent culture and sensitiveness—lighted up as he spoke, while his hand idly reached out and took up a legal-looking paper which happened to be lying on his desk. This paper was a contract which he had just prepared for Miss Garth to sign—a contract which bound her and her work to the firm of Carter and Company for a term of years.

"I suppose I may as well confess," said Miss Garth, "that it is rather pleasant to be such a successful author. I don't know that I like to have my pictures bruited around so much. It gives one an uncanny sense of conspicuousness, which to me is almost horrible."

"I can understand," replied Merlin, "how you feel about that, and you are right. But you must not forget," he continued, "that in the beginning I warned you that this would be so. Do you remember eight years ago I predicted your present success? Do you remember, when your first book was published and the sales were less than two thousand copies, how discouraged you were, and how I told you it would be necessary first to secure your public, and second to perfect yourself in that immense cleverness which I knew was in you?"

There was a suggestion of impatience in her attitude as she replied, "I detest that word 'clever' every one seems to apply to me. Somehow it seems to take away from what I most desire to be." Then she turned to him suddenly. "Mr. Merlin," she said, "we have known each other now for eight years. We have had long, intimate discussions and your advice and counsel have been invaluable to me; in fact, I do not believe that I should ever have succeeded with the public as I have done without your continual suggestions. Now that I have succeeded, however, and all thought of that is past, I want to know your real opinion of my work?"

The suddenness of her question startled Mr. Merlin.

"Why, don't you know already?" he said.

"Certainly not. Do you suppose I possess what you term so much cleverness, without having perceived that you do not altogether approve of my work? You couldn't help showing me that."

He laughed almost nervously.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You are mistaken. Besides, surely it does not matter what I think. Look at the big public. Their verdict is the one that counts."

"And yet," she replied, "I am going to be more frank with you than I have ever been—I suppose I value your opinion more than that of the public's. You are the one man whom I know who is unprejudiced. Consider, if you will, my position. Nobody tells me the truth. The book reviews, as you know, are absolutely useless, containing either sickening praise or flippant criticism. My friends do not tell me the truth, and, indeed, nobody but you can do this. You must be convinced, if you have learned to know me at all, that my ambition is not financial, nor ever has been. I look upon literature as the highest expression of art, and I have striven without ceasing to make myself an artist in the highest



PUTTING UP A JOB ON PEARY

This story continued on page 386



ON TACT

Chancellor James R. Day was once advising a young undergraduate of Syracuse University to cultivate tact.

"But, alas!" he said, "I fear that advice on such a subject must always be wasted. On tact the last word was spoken by Barbey d'Aureville when he said:

"If tact could be bought, only those already possessed of it would want to buy it."—*St. Joseph News-Press*.

AN EXPERT from the United States Bureau of Printing and Engraving had a peculiar experience at one of the Broadway hotels the other day. His mission being to study and compare certain engraving being made here, the Government attaché never left or returned to his hotel without a small satchel, which he was careful never got out of his possession.

On receiving his bill from the clerk he tendered in payment a brand-new twenty dollar certificate. The clerk who tells the story carefully scrutinized it and then passed it back.

"What's the matter?" demanded the guest.

"I can't take that," replied the other. "I don't think it's good."

"Not good!" exclaimed the engraver. "Why, it's perfectly good. I made it myself."

"Yes," he was coldly informed, "you probably did."—*New York Sun*.

THE FORGETFUL SAURIAN

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-a-a-s," admitted the darky, "but a whale's diff'rent. A whale's got a memory, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

ACCOUNTED FOR

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

A STREET PREACHER in a West-of-Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience, and asked him to remove the objectionable ones. "Weel, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me tae spot them; but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you." "What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher. "Just ga roun' wi' the hat!"—*Buffalo Commercial*.

WHAT SHE REMEMBERED

HUSBAND: Many people at church this forenoon, dear?

WIFE: Yes, a large number.

"Good sermon?"

"Delightful."

"What was the text?"

"It was—it was—well, really, I have forgotten."

"Humph! Was Mrs. Purling there?"

"She was."

"What had she on?"

"Well, she had on a fall wrap of very dark Pompeian red cloth, with narrow insertions of black velvet in the sides of the skirt. A small yoke trimming of the velvet covered the upper part of the chest, and was outlined with a mixed tinsel braid. A narrow braiding girdled the waist, and the cuffs were ornamented in the same way. It had a cape attachment plaited upon the shoulders and attached by other plaits at the waist line, giving a dolman appearance to the back. She"—

"That'll do. I don't wonder that you forgot the text!"—*Daily Picayune*.



KIT: THE KATZENJAMER MEETING WAS CROWDED LAST NIGHT. THEY HAD AN OVERFLOW—

PUG: A SORT OF CATARACT, EH?

A CLERGYMAN on an Atlantic voyage had to share a state-room with another man. "After a short while," said the clergyman, "I began to worry about some valuables I had with me, and at last I took them to the purser, saying, 'I should like to explain to you that I am very pleased with my fellow-passenger. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—well, I wouldn't have you think that my coming to you with these valuables is to be taken—er—as any reflection on him.' The purser interrupted me with a broad smile, and said, 'Oh, it's all right, sir; your friend has come to me with some valuables of his own, and he said precisely the same thing about yourself.'"—*Tit-Bits*.

TOOLE'S ONE-ACT PLAY

Here is a good story of the late Mr. Toole that will be new to many of our readers:

"What I want is a bright, short play," said Toole to the amateur, who had brought him a six-act drama.

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Toole, "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination."

"It is in one act."

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer."

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires."

"The young woman falls dead."

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"—*Reynolds's Newspaper*.

FROM THE GALLERY

A provincial theater in the east of Scotland is much tormented by a wit, who is a regular attender, and who insists on keeping up a running commentary on the play. Sometimes his remarks enliven a dull piece, and so the audience do not object to his presence. His latest hit occurred when a thrilling melodrama was being enacted.

The principal actor was laid aside suddenly by illness, and his part had to be taken up by his understudy, who was talented but slender. At a critical moment in the play the princess faints and falls, when the hero, coming to her assistance, lifts her in his arms and carries her out.

The princess on this particular occasion was as heavy as she was lovely, and the slender understudy realized the magnitude of the task that was put upon him. When she fainted, he leaned over her, but hesitated perceptibly.

The hesitation was not lost on the wit, who, from his seat in the gallery, broke the stilled hush by exclaiming, in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Just tak' what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest."—*London Tit-Bits*.

"SAY, Bill, I think you are trying to boom our new ice plant a little too much!" called the head of the concern. "What's the matter?" asked Bill. "Why, there was a lady in here just now making a complaint," continued the head of the concern. "She said you had guaranteed that this ice wouldn't melt."—*Detroit Free Press*.

IS IT true that at one of Dr. Reich's recent lectures he exclaimed: "Take away woman and what would follow?" Is it also a fact that a male voice cried out: "We would?"—*Taller*.

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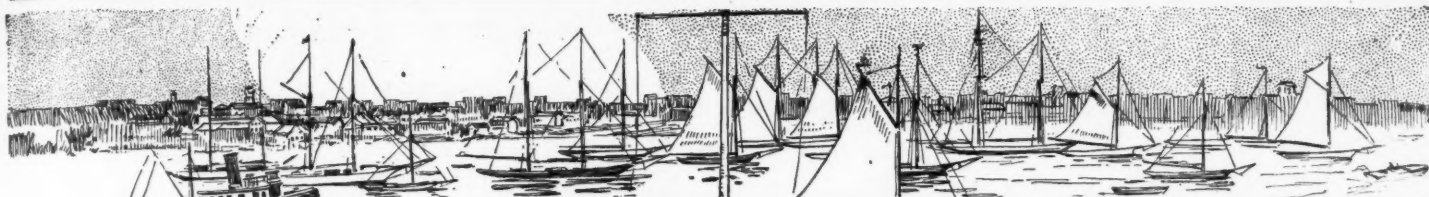
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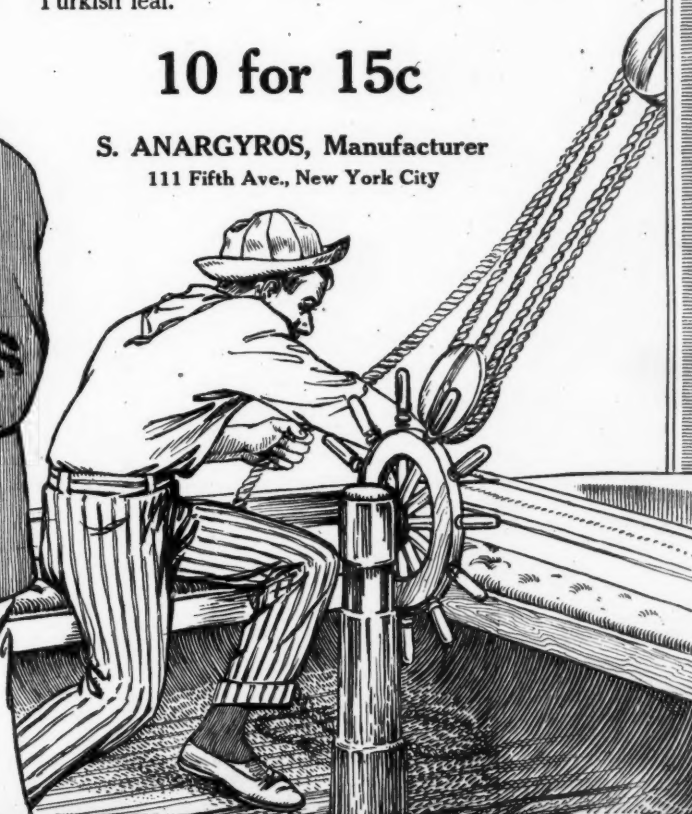
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



WHAT TO DO?

At the Army and Navy Club in Washington a number of veteran officers were telling stories, when General Chaffee told this anecdote of General Carr, who died in New York some years ago.

It appears that General Carr, at the outbreak of the civil war, had left Troy to take the command of a regiment. The engagement in which, as colonel, he first figured was at Big Bethel. His regiment had been halted for rest and refreshment in a pleasant place, and had not yet experienced the excitement of a skirmish. It happened, however, that Confederates were in ambush in the immediate neighborhood, and from a safe hiding place they opened fire on the Northerners. Carr, so the story runs, instantly put spurs to his horse and dashed up to a group of officers. Excitement and bewilderment were apparent upon his young face as he approached the party.

"They are firing upon my regiment!" he shouted. "My God! Now what is to be done?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

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HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT

A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word, "obey," remarked to the officiating clergyman, "Go on, mester—it don't matter; I can make her."—*Tatler*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

A YOUNG gentleman recently engaged to the girl he adored unfortunately had his nose broken while playing cricket. A doctor was hastily summoned, but the victim of the accident would not accept his services until he had received an answer to a telegram just dispatched. Two hours later the reply came. It was from his lady-love, and the young gentleman handed it to the doctor, saying, resignedly:

"Go ahead now!"

The reply to his wire was: "Have nose set Roman; do not like Greek.—Ada."—*Tit-Bits*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

THE IRONIC ARCHITECT

Who is the famous architect of whom the following is told: He had got out the designs for a magnificent church to cost £60,000, and the committee wanted him to reduce the price to £20,000.

"Say thirty shillings more, gentlemen," he wrote, "and have a nice spire."—*Tatler*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

SHE: Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant?

HE: The only palms I saw were the waiters'.—*Boston Transcript*.

GIVE HER TIME

After all our boasts that Cuba has been Americanized, it develops that she has only been South Americanized.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, according to *The Magazine of Fun*, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, Oi always knew ye were goin' there, but Oi'm downed if Oi thought they'd make yer bring yer own coal."—*New York Tribune*.

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What a Good Sheep-Dog Knows

WHAT a herd dog has first to learn is to know every one of two or three hundred sheep, and to know them both by sight and smell. This he does thoroughly. When Watterson was running sheep on the plains he had a young collie not yet put to the herd, but kept about the pumping plant. As the sheep came in by hundreds to the troughs, the dog grew so to know them that when they had picked up a stray from another band he discovered it from afar off, and darting as a hornet, nipping and yelping, parted it out from the band.

How long recollection stays by the dog is not certain, but at least a twelvemonth, as was proved to Filon Girard after he had lost a third of his band when the Santa Anna came roaring up by Lone Pine with a cloud of saffron-colored dust on its wings. After shearing of next year, passing close to another band, Filon's dogs set themselves unbidden to routing out of it, and rounding with their own nearly twenty head, which the herder, being an honest man, freely admitted he had picked up on the mesa following after Filon the spring before.

Quick to know the wilful and unbiddable members of a flock, the wise collie is not sparing of bites, and, following after a stubborn stray, will often throw it, and stand guard until help arrives or the sheep shows a better mind. But the herder who has a dog trained at the difficult work of herding range sheep through the chutes and runways into boats and cars for transportation is the fortunate fellow.

There was Pete's dog, Bourdaloue, that, at the Stockton landing, with no assistance, put eight hundred wild sheep from the highlands on the boat in eight minutes, by running along the backs of the flock until he had picked out the stubborn or stupid leaders that caused the sheep to jam in the runway, and by sharp bites set them forward, himself treading the backs of the racing flock, like the première equestrienne of the circus, which all the men of the shipping cheered to see. —Harper's Magazine.

The Ideal City

THE ideal city of the twentieth century is thus defined by Lucy Maynard Salmon, A.M., professor of history at Vassar College:

A city with clean streets, well-sprinkled streets, streets lined with well-cared-for shade trees.

Streets and roads that are freed from billboards that are a stench in the community.

Vacant lots now used as dumping-places turned into attractive squares.

Benches along the roadside for weary pedestrians.

Back yards that are visions of beauty instead of eyesores.

Window boxes that brighten dull walls and recreation piers on the banks of the river.

All these make for patriotism as well as for civic beauty and righteousness.

If it is true that the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job, we may shrink from looking into their future. Boys and girls are turned loose on the streets; mischief, vice and crime result, and when these conditions become unbearable we turn to the curfew as a negative means of dealing with conditions that ought never to have existed.—Exchange.

The New Beauty-Culture

Means Beauty Protection
All Fall and Winter Long



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THE time to prevent the harmful effects of the changing seasons upon the complexion is before the season's change.

Fall breezes and Winter blasts are pretty sure to prove unkind to tender skins.

It's the wise woman, who at this time, relies upon the protection of a soap that will keep the hands and cheeks soft and beautiful despite exposure—

Pond's Extract Soap

A refined, soothing, rich, lathering cleanser—it possesses all the virtues that its name implies.

Contrast the condition, the feeling, of the skin after the use of ordinary toilet soap with the effect produced by Pond's Extract Soap.

With ordinary soap merely the outer dirt is removed, the inner impurities are glossed over, the pores remain closed, the skin becomes dry, rough to the touch, coarse-fibered.

After the use of Pond's Extract Soap, note the skin—how soft and clear and pleasantly a-tingle; note how the pores are cleansed and opened and how the gentle oils that lubricate the skin are liberated.

That is how the New Beauty Culture provides beauty protection.

Pond's Extract Soap is just the soap to speed the change of the outing girl's complexion from bronze to creamy white on her return to town.

Be on your guard against substitution. There are many so-called "witch-hazel" soaps, artificially colored green, offered as "just as good." Pond's Extract Soap is pure white. The name appears upon cake and container. Miss Grace Truman-Hoyt, the eminent New York specialist, has written four books of instruction that give the secrets of the New Beauty Culture.

No. 1—The Complexion. No. 2—The Bath.
No. 3—Baby's Bath. No. 4—Handsome White Hands.

Any or all of these books will be sent free on receipt of postage.

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and best sense of that term. Now I want to know honestly just what you think about my work."

Merlin toyed with the contract, moving it restlessly up and down on the desk. It was ready for her to sign. She had come in for that purpose.

"Miss Garth," he said, "you have put me to an embarrassment. You are not going to like it when I repeat that I consider you the cleverest woman I have ever met."

"No, no. I want you to regard me as being dead. I want you to look upon my work in an impersonal, posthumous manner. How do you consider it will rank?"

Merlin squirmed mentally, and almost physically. "You are not going to let my opinion make any difference in our relationship?" he asked.

"Of course not. Don't you see that you will be doing me an immense service?"

Merlin squared around. "All right," he replied decisively. "If you wish to know my real opinion, Miss Garth, your work will be practically unknown twenty years from now, and will only be barely mentioned in literary history of the future."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because it is too clever. You are a stylist. No stylist ever lives beyond his own shadow. Henry James is doomed, George Meredith is doomed, Maurice Hewlitt, man of mannerisms, is doomed, every author who has a clever style which 'catches on'—excuse the slang—is irretrievably doomed. It is not for me to say what book will live, but I know that yours will not. You have asked me for the truth—there it is."

Miss Garth's face tightened. "Splendid," she replied. "That is exactly what I want. Tell me more."

"To explain all the reasons for my feeling about your work would take too much time. But the fact is that your very cleverness, your trick of phraseology, the smartness of your situations, are fatal to permanence. The great works are simple. The books that live have no style. They grow naturally out of the soil. They are not forced. They are crude, vulgar, if you will, homely, rank, hardy."

"But you urged me to cultivate myself."

"Precisely. I did it because I knew that your cleverness was your only asset. You are not capable, and it would be folly to expect of you to do a great work. The great artists do not come about in that way. You are entitled to every possible deference for what you have done."

"Do you think the fact that I am a woman counts against me? There are George Eliot, George Sand, Sappho—any number of others."

"It might in spite of those examples. I do not know. That is beyond me. I am judging your work as if it had no sex, and I tell you, Miss Garth, that the fatal facility which creates a style epigrammatic and clever is doomed for a day."

Miss Garth got up, walked to the window, turned her face away from Merlin and looked out at the delivery wagon as it took away the five hundred copies of the fifth edition. When she turned, her voice was slightly altered.

"Thank you, Mr. Merlin," she said. "It is refreshing to get a genuine opinion." She took out her watch. "Really, I did not realize it was so late. I must be going."

Merlin picked up the contract. "I have this paper ready for you, Miss Garth."

"Oh, yes, the contract."

"Here is the place for you to sign. I will call a witness."

She picked up the paper and looked it over.

"You have read it?" said Merlin.

"Yes. I think I should like to read it again."

"It is dated to-day."

She tapped it on the desk, hesitatingly. "Is it?" she said. "How unfortunate. It may be necessary to have it done over."

"Then you will not sign—now?"

"I think not." She moved toward the door.

Merlin got up. "Miss Garth," he said, "have I offended you?"

"No, oh, no. But don't let's talk about that now," she replied. "I must really be going. You will hear from me later about this paper. Good-afternoon, Mr. Merlin."

Merlin hovered around her as she slipped out of the room. His embarrassment was almost painful. The moment she was gone, however, he became another man. The first thing he did was to swear. He used every bad word that he could think of in a continuous succession. Then he rang the bell furiously. A clerk came.

"Where is Mr. Carter? Is he in his office?"

"No, sir. I heard him say he was going to Newport."

"Good God!"

"You might be able to get him over the long distance telephone to-morrow, sir."

Merlin ignored his suggestion. "Get me a time-table," he said. "I must take the first train."

* * *

Mr. Carter was a large, benevolent, cultivated, canny gentleman of about sixty. That is to say, he was in the prime of life. He had relegated a large part of his duties at the office to Mr. Merlin, in that calm feeling of confidence which one has in a trusted associate, and he was spending as much of his leisure time as possible with a yacht and motor car and his friends. So that when Mr. Merlin, late in the evening, walked into his house at Newport, Mr. Carter experienced an almost unpleasant feeling of surprise.

Merlin closed the door upon them abruptly. "I've done it," he said. "I always knew I would do it."

"Done what?" said Mr. Carter, more surprised than ever.

"Made an ass of myself."

Mr. Carter smiled. "That's nothing," he said. "It's good for a man to make an ass of himself occasionally."

"It's about Miss Garth."

"Ha! Her book is great, isn't it? I have had to answer all kinds of questions, knowing, as I do, almost nothing about it. What's the trouble? I thought you had just made a contract with her."

"I did, and it was already to sign this afternoon—she came in for that purpose—when in a moment of insanity I told her what I really thought about her work."

"Ha!"

Merlin flushed, and continued. "For years I have been Miss Garth's adviser. You know I was the one who insisted from the beginning upon publishing her books, even when we were losing money, because I was convinced that some

day she would make good. Now that she is on the high tide of prosperity I wanted to tie her up to us for the future, in view of our carrying her along in the past. Personally I haven't any use for her work from a literary standard."

Mr. Carter raised his hand. "Stop," he said. "I understand the whole thing. You two have been on confidential terms for a long time. She has looked to you more than to any one else for encouragement, suggestion, and so forth. Suddenly she asks you your real opinion and you are so cock-sure that everything is all right that you give it. And your fish has got away."

Merlin smiled feebly. "That is about the size of it," he said. "The worst of it is that I couldn't seem to do anything to fix it up. I didn't see that there was anything to be mad about, and she didn't act as if she were mad, which made it the more embarrassing for me. I couldn't apologize for telling the truth, and I couldn't explain. She had the whip hand, because she hadn't signed the contract."

"Has she refused absolutely?"

"Oh, no. She simply smiled a sweet smile, said that she would like to read it over again, and took it away with her. But you know, Mr. Carter, what this means. She has been approached by almost every publisher in the country. They are hanging around her front door waiting for a chance to get at her, like a lot of hungry wolves. Now, a thing like this gets out in ways that we cannot understand. It won't take twenty-four hours before some fellow will get hold of her and offer her a big bonus and she is lost forever."

Mr. Carter thought. He had a yachting trip planned for the next day, and there was a dinner party on for the next evening.

"By Jove," he said, "you *have* made a mess of it, haven't you? What a chump you were!"

"Wasn't I! I could kick myself all over the country."

Mr. Carter got up. His face took on a look of resolution. He realized that he was the only one who could act.

"It means a lot for us," he said, "and so I suppose I shall have to put on my overalls and go to work. Now, Merlin, you stay here and enjoy yourself for a couple of days. Go out in the boat, and play golf, and flirt with the women, and forget Miss Garth and the whole publishing business." * * *

The next morning at eleven o'clock Miss Garth, seated in her study, where she was dictating a letter to a certain publisher whose name it is not necessary to mention, was interrupted by Mr. Carter's card. That gentleman followed immediately.

"Miss Garth, pardon me for coming at such an unseemly hour, but I have been so troubled about you that I could not wait to see you. I happened to meet Merlin last night, and incidentally mentioned your great book, 'The Devil's Throne.' He told me what he had said to you yesterday afternoon. Now, of course, Miss Garth, Merlin is entitled to his opinion, but it irritated me to feel that he was so far wrong."

The most prominent author of the day looked at Mr. Carter questioningly. "I was inclined to believe," she said, "that Mr. Merlin was right."

Carter smiled. "Merlin," he said, "is a young

This story continued on page 388

The Best Known Music Box IS THE BEST

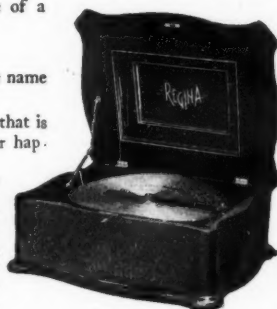
Think of the name of a music box.

Regina.

Can you think of the name of any other?

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This is the entertainer we wish to see in your home—a source of pleasure to all at all times. It renders all kinds of music with equal facility; it has something for the enjoyment of everybody, from grandmother down to the baby; it fits any mood from grave to gay, and once bought it costs nothing to maintain.

You would not believe that so much pleasure could be had for so little cost and for so long a time unless you have heard it. The best way is to hear it. We will send you a little booklet telling you all about it, giving prices and different styles and sizes.

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The Best People

Who are they? I should say they are those, and those only, who are themselves genuine and who are able to sense and to appreciate the quality of genuineness in other people and in things. They are distinguished in the main by reason of a sense of values—through having achieved perspective. They do not judge people by appearances, nor merchandise by its price. They are the open-minded, broad-gauged, sane and simple folk whom adversity does not crush nor fortune make overproud. They are the elect of earth through the gift of discrimination.

Most of them may be seen—one time or another—buying genuine furniture and things of

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Chicago

man whose vision is very much more limited than it seems. Merlin doesn't understand. He has seen one or two clever writers come up, have their day, and finish, and he thinks that the so-called simplicities are the only permanent things. He doesn't any more understand a work such as 'The Devil's Throne,' with its wonderful grasp of character, with its wide sweep, with its combination of subtleties and what one might term immensities. He sees in it only what he terms its cleverness. He fails to see its really permanent qualities.

"Miss Garth, I have been in the publishing business and I have been a student of literature all my life, and I think I can say to you that I know a real artist when I see one. I have followed your work from the very beginning. When your first book was published and was a failure, I knew that it was only because the public was slow, as it always is, to recognize the real thing. And so I told Merlin to hang on to you and to wait. My opinion has been justified, and I have come here personally to you to say that in spite of what Merlin says, and in spite of what the world says, you have written a great book, which will live.

"As Oscar Wilde says, 'We deal to-day with the exception, and not the rule.' You have done this superbly. You have touched a true note."

He held out his hand. "I couldn't resist dropping in and telling you this. I must run along."

Miss Garth took his proffered hand. "I am afraid," she said, "that you are entirely wrong about my work, and that Mr. Merlin is right.

"By the way, Mr. Carter, I have a contract here which I was to sign yesterday, but which I brought home with me."

Carter raised his hand. "Oh," he said, "something I know very little about."

"But your signature has been placed at the bottom."

"Indeed? Those matters are arranged for me at the office."

She handed him the paper. "This is the one you signed," she said. Then she handed him another. "And this is the one I have just made out. Since my talk with Mr. Merlin yesterday I have interviewed another publisher and have taken the liberty of adding five per cent. more to my royalties in the future above what your contract called for. Do you care to sign it?"

Mr. Carter looked at her with a fatherly smile. He hesitated but an instant. "These matters," he said, "are immaterial, but, of course, I will sign the paper, Miss Garth."

* * *

That evening he got back to Newport in time to keep his dinner engagement. Merlin was waiting for him in the library. He had just come off the yacht.

"Well," he said, "how is it? Did you succeed?"

The elder publisher came over and put his hand on his guest's shoulder.

"Merlin," he said, "that little *faux pas* of yours cost the house of Carter and Company about five thousand dollars a year for the next ten years.

"My boy, always remember this—you can sometimes venture to tell an author the truth, but when it is a woman, get your contract signed first."

A. W. C.

LADY: Are you sure this salmon is fresh?
SALESMAN: Fresh? Lor' bless yer, mum, I've just had to cut it up to keep it from jumpin' at the flies!—*Tit-Bits*.



VENUS: OH, IF I ONLY HAD MY HANDS NOW!



Whiting Papers

of the HIGHEST GRADE

made by the largest manufacturers of fine writing papers in the world

Did you ever compare a box of Whiting's *French Organdie* or *Organdie Glacé* with any other so-called high-grade correspondence paper? Get a box and compare it with what you are using and you will understand why they have such an enormous sale.

Whiting's Woven Linen is the highest type of linen paper—greatly appreciated for gentlemen's use.

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Things You Need,
and Good

Single and Double Breasted Coats and Trousers,
of Worsted, Cheviot, Cravenette and Whipcord,
Serviceable Gray . . . \$22 to \$35

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Overcoats of Cravenette and Mixed Cheviot,
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Goggles, 15 different sorts . . . 75c. to \$5

Best Leggings, the pair . . . 65c.

Caps, Gloves, Gauntlets

SMITH, GRAY & CO.

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BROADWAY AND BEDFORD AVE. }
FULTON ST. AND FLATBUSH AVE. } BROOKLYN

Est. Half a Century



New Fall Flannels

By the Yard

FOR Ladies' Waists, House Gowns and Kimonos, as well as men's wear, we are showing a very choice collection of beautiful Flannels (many of them unshrinkable) in a wide variety of new designs and colors, all in the latest mode. The collection includes:

Plain and Fancy Wash Flannels (half wool) in plain colors and fancy stripes and checks. Width 27 and 31 inches, 30c. and 50c. per yard.

"Viyella" Flannel. Guaranteed to be absolutely unshrinkable, and in our judgment one of the most desirable flannels. These are shown in all the plain colors, as well as stripes in various combinations, broken checks and Scotch tartans. Width 32 inches, 75c. per yard.

Also an all-wool unshrinkable Flannel, 31 inches wide, \$1.00 per yard.

Novelty German and Saxony Flannels. (All wool.) A very choice line, especially adapted for tailored waists, in striped and plaited designs. Width 27 inches, 75c., 85c., \$1.00, \$1.20 per yard.

All-over Embroidered Saxony Flannels. White grounds with light-blue, pink, helio and black embroidery. Width 28 inches, \$1.00 per yard.

All-White Flannels. This includes a wide range of silk warp, Saxony flannels in jacquard effects, checks, stripes and conventional designs at 95c., \$1.00, \$1.25 per yard, as well as some standard plain white all wool flannels at 55c., 65c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00 per yard.

WE ALSO display a very attractive line of French and English Percales in new styles and colorings, as well as a wide assortment of Galateas for children's wear, and French Taffeta Batiste for tailored waists. Samples of any of these lines mailed to persons out of town, free, on request.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

14 West 23d Street, N. Y.



"Onyx" Silk Hosiery

of unusual excellence. Extensive array of beautiful designs for all occasions. Colors to match gowns and shoes in the newest shades.

Sold at All Leading Stores

Lord & Taylor

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With country life in the background, dress livery now is to the fore.

Dress liveries for town.

For every sort of man servant—indoor and outdoor.

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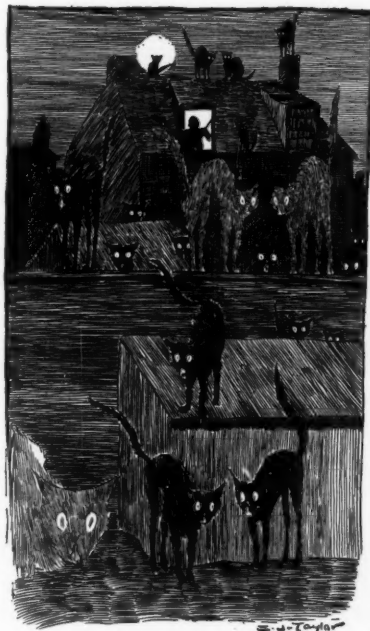
(3 Stores)

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"NIGHT HATH A THOUSAND EYES"
Set to Music
(Gems of literature repolished)



DRINK
SANDERSON'S
"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.

The Best Bitter Liqueur



Underberg Boonekamp Bitters

Bracer—tonic—and cordial. Delicious at all hours. An "Elixir of Life." Invigorates, strengthens, enlivens but does not intoxicate. Gives an appetite, and good health.

ENJOYABLE AS A COCKTAIL AND BETTER FOR YOU.

6,000,000 BOTTLES IMPORTED TO THE UNITED STATES.

At all hotels, clubs, restaurants, wine merchants, grocers, etc.

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H. UNDERBERG ALBRECHT,
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Since 1846

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Dr. Sheffield's

Anti-Septic

Crème Dentifrice

THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE

Used by the Elite of the World Since 1850



Dr. Sheffield's Tooth Powder put up conveniently for Tourists.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sleepin' on the Floor

SOMETIMES, when we gits company
An' all the beds is full,
Our ma she says to Jim an' me,
W'en we gits home fr'm school:
"You boys can't have y'r room t'night,"
But that don't make us sore,
'Cause then we know she'll make us up
A nice bed on the floor.

She makes it in th' parlor,
With the bricky-brack an' all,
An' we c'n lay an' rubber
At th' pict'ers on the wall,
An' we p'tends we're emmygrants
A-campin' in th' wil's
An' has t' keep th' light turned up
T' scare the annymiles.

It's better'n any reg'lar bed,
'Cause it don't squeak n'r shake,
An' w'en yer turnin' summersets
They ain't no springs t' break,
Y' never haf t' keep no track
'Bout which is foot an' head,
B'sides, no matter whut y' do,
Y' can't fall out o' bed.

W'en I grow up, ef I'm ez rich
Ez ol' John Rockybilt,
I won't hev no beds in my house,
But I'll jes' take a quilt
An' big, fat pillers, like my ma's—
Er as much ez three er four—
An' hev the biggest kind o' fun
A-sleepin' on th' floor.

—Daily Picayune.

Things Were Going All Right

AS I rode up to the shanty of a Nebraska pioneer and helloed to bring some one to the door the man came from around the corner of the house with a shotgun in his hands. I asked for a drink of water and got it, and then asked:

"Folks gone away or sick?"
"No."
"Expect trouble that you have that gun handy?"
"May be trouble, but I scassly think so."
"Aren't you putting in any new crops this year?"
"Not yet."

I took another look around and then started to ride away, but he halted me and said:
"Stranger, things may look a little blue to you around here, but they are going all right. The old woman has gone to town to sue a feller who sold her a snide sewing machine; my son Joe has gone with her to sue a widder woman who promised to marry him and then throwed him down; my daughter Mary has gone with ma and Joe to sue a feller for breach of promise, and I'm stayin' home to pop the sheriff if he comes along to foreclose a mortgage on the farm. We are all right, and old Nebraska is all right, and the only thing I'm kicking about is that we are too goldurned happy as a family!"—
Chicago Daily News.

WEBBERS HAND-MADE JACKETS

For Hunting, Golf and all outdoor uses. For men and women. No risk, sent express prepaid, return if not satisfactory. Write for catalogue.

GEO. F. WEBBER, Mfr. Sta. A, Detroit, Mich.

Cailler's

GENUINE SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE


A Delicious Confection
A Nourishing Food

Cailler's is to all other eating chocolates, what pure, rich cream is to skimmed milk. Cailler's is always soft, rich, fresh, and creamy because it is so full of pure chocolate, rich, cream-laden Swiss milk, refined sugar, and nothing else. Besides the smooth, delicate, delicious, "Cailler taste" all other chocolates taste weak, flat and dry.

The great nutritive value of cream and cocoa makes Cailler's the most nourishing food known; far better for children than candy. Cailler's is sold everywhere in 5, 10, 15, 20c. cakes and up.

FREE Send your name and address for a free sample cake.

J. H. FREYMAN
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KREMENTZ

ONE PIECE QUALITY STAMPED ON BACK COLLAR BUTTON

The Unbreakable Collar Buttons that don't hurt the neck. Easy to button and unbutton; stay buttoned. Made in Gold and Rolled Plate. If damaged in any way, exchanged for new one at your jeweler's or haberdasher's. Booklet on request.

Krementz & Co., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

ON AND OFF LIKE A COAT

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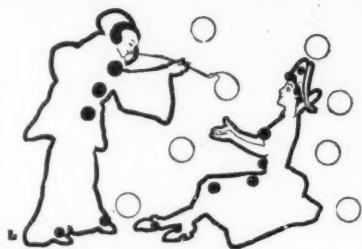
COAT SHIRTS

ARE MADE OF THE BEST WHITE OR COLOR-FAST FABRICS. YOU CAN GET WHAT YOU WANT OF YOUR DEALER IF YOU INSIST ON IT. \$1.50 AND MORE. SEND FOR BOOKLET AND DEALER'S NAME.

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produces a smooth, clear, wholesome complexion. It is an uncommonly good soap for use where an attractive perfume and complexion medicaments are required. On account of its antiseptic properties it is good for toilet, bath, and nursery. At your druggists.

Send a two cent stamp for a trial cake
BARCLAY & COMPANY
44 Stone St., New York

WINCHESTER



Rifles Are Reliable

Reliability, strength and accuracy are the cardinal virtues in a hunting rifle. Success and safety often hinge upon them in big game shooting. Winchester rifles possess these virtues to the fullest extent, being reliable in action, strong in construction and accurate in shooting. Winchester rifles and Winchester make of cartridges are a combination that always gives satisfaction. They are made for one another.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition Are Sold Everywhere.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH used to tell a good story about a play by Mr. Robert Ganthony, which that gentleman asked him to read. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. "Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful; the perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet!' or again, 'The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc., must catch a train.' That play was the bane of my existence, and haunted

me even in my dreams." Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have left the comedy in the cab on the night it was given to him. He inquired at Scotland Yard. "Oh! yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name, sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."—*Kansas City Independent.*

THE monkey is catching up. He is climbing the evolutionary ladder with an agility to be

expected of one of his arboreal habits. There is a spider monkey in Breslau, Germany, which has been operated on for cataract and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the "zoo" it was very healthy and lively; then it became very quiet, ceased to play and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so it was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated on. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles, which it wears with becoming gravity.—*New York Tribune.*

Kuyler's

Round and Square Decorated Boxes

ONE AND TWO POUND SIZES

In Fancy Metallic Moire Papers, Japanese Pictures, and a large Variety of Flower Designs, including the Representative Flower of each Month

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Copyrighted drawings in colors by A. B. Wenzell, A. H. Keller, Harrison Fisher, F. M. Spiegle & C. E. Sacke

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NO PRESENT MORE SUITABLE FOR ANY OCCASION

ONE Lb. Size, Round or Square Filled with our fine Mixed or Triced Chocolates \$1.00

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ANY OF THE 80 DIFFERENT DESIGNS IN EITHER SIZE, ROUND OR SQUARE.

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MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Everywhere the traveler's favorite table water. On train and liner—in hotel and club—the popular drink is

White Rock

the purest of mineral waters. Always fresh and sparkling. A beverage whose health-giving virtues ever refresh the wayfarer.

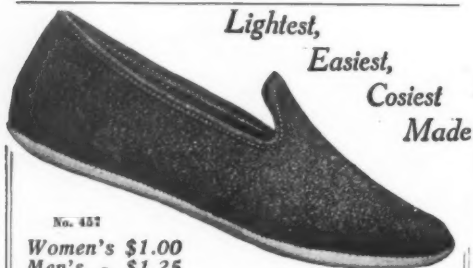
The first Derby made in America was a

C & K
Knapp-Felt

Hats are for the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good. The best hatters sell them. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6. Knapp-Felt \$4.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, at 13th Street New York



*Lightest,
Easiest,
Cosiest
Made*

No. 457
Women's \$1.00
Men's - \$1.25
DELIVERED

Comfy Slipper

Made of pure "Comfy felt," soft leather soles with one inch-of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bedroom. Weight 2 ounces.



Colors: Navy Blue, Gray, Brown and Red.

Send for CATALOGUE No. 32 showing many new styles.

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ROUND THE WORLD

are away-from-the-usual. Route includes Siam, Java, Burma, Egypt, North and South India, Ceylon, Manila, China (including Yangtze River, Hankow, Peking and The Great Wall), Manchuria, Korea, Japan and Honolulu. Departures Eastward November 15, December 1, and January 5. Send for "The Blue Book" and enthusiastic letters from members of our past season's tours.

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has the only Tourist Offices in **JAPAN**
Write for details of tour K explaining our original idea in travel for that fascinating land
Personal Escort for Independent Travellers

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368 Boylston Street, Boston

America's Best Underwear

The Sensible, Serviceable, Satisfactory,
Perfect Fitting, Popular Priced

Munsing Union Suits
For Men, Women and Children

Union suits are the proper thing in underwear. Munsing suits are the kind that please the most fastidious. They are just what you have always wanted and never found in underwear. They will wash better, wear longer and give more real comfort and service than suits costing twice what we are obliged to ask. Send six cents in stamps for samples of fabric and style book.



The Northwestern Knitting Company
215 Lyndale Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"WHY DON'T YOU CARRY THAT LITTLE BOY AND NOT HAVE HIM YELLING AFTER YOU LIKE THAT?"
NOT MUCH. AS LONG AS HE CAN YELL LIKE THAT HE HAS A GOOD SIGHT MORE WIND THAN I HAVE."

WASHBURNE PATENT IMPROVED FASTENERS WITH THE BULL-DOG GRIP

LITTLE, BUT NEVER LET GO.
Men swear by them, not at them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
Key Chains, . . . 25c
Scarf Holders, . . . 10c
Cuff Holders, . . . 20c
Bachelor Buttons . . . 10c

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalogue free.

AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 85 Waterbury, Conn.

Boss' Medium Hard Water Cracker

The perfect cracker for the perfect dinner

at Park & Tilford's
Acker Mermell & Condit Co's
and all leading grocers

OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT WHISKEY **H. B. KIRK & CO. SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK**

As Different Poets Would Have Done It

IT HAS been said by ignorant and undiscerning would-be critics that the Limerick is not among the classic and best forms of poetry, and, indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is not poetry at all.

A brief consideration of its claims to pre-eminence among recognized forms of verse will soon convince any intelligent reader of its superlative worth and beauty.

As a proof of this, let us consider the following Limerick, which in the opinion of connoisseurs is the best one ever written:

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

If Austin Dobson had chosen to throw off the thing in triolet form:

She went for a ride,
That young lady of Niger;
Her smile was quite wide
As she went for a ride;
But she came back inside,
With the smile on the tiger!
She went for a ride,
That young lady of Niger.

Rossetti, with his inability to refrain from refrains, might have turned out something like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
Who smiled 'neath tangles of her hair,
As her steed began his steady lope.
(You like this style, I hope!)

On and on they sped and on,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
On and on and on and on;
(You see I've not much scope.)

E'en ere they loped the second mile,
The tiger 'gan his mouth to ope;
Anon he halted for awhile;
Then went on with a pleasant smile,
(Bacon and eggs and a bar o' soap!)
—*Harper's Magazine.*

Little Proverbs for Little Golfers

A CADDIE may laugh at a king.
It takes nine tailors to make a man—but
one Taylor can make a manner.

Spare the club and spoil the drive.
People who live in glass houses shouldn't have
'em near links.

You may drive a ball to the water, but you
can't make it jump.

Never put off from the hole what you can do
in one.

A ball on the tee's worth two in the bush.
Two cracks do not make a White.
Out of the flying sand into the byre.

Two heads are better than one—except when
there's a ball coming.

It is a wise son who knows his own father-st
drive.

Celerity is the soul of hit.
Never make a mountain out of a sand-hill.

"Fore!" This word to the wise is enough.

"Fore" warned is before harmed.

A "miss" is good for a smile.—*The Tatler.*

Get All the Dirt Out of Your Skin

There's a great deal of difference between *getting some of the dirt off* and *getting all of the dirt out*. Washing will take off surface dirt. Only massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

will take out the dirt that is in the pores—below the surface. It's this pore-dirt that it is most necessary to remove, because that is the cause of blackheads, bad complexions and unhealthy skins.

To prove how washing leaves the pore-dirt in, and just how Pompeian Massage

Cream gets it out, wash your hands as thoroughly as you can with soap and water, then rub a little of the cream on the

back of your hand. Rub

it in well, then keep on

rubbing till it comes out—

that tells the story better than words. We will send any man or

woman a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream, free, to make this test—or men can try it at their barber's.

Only a Postal is Necessary to Send for Generous Sample—Free

and our illustrated book on Facial Massage, showing how to keep the skin in a natural, healthy condition, free from black-heads and other imperfections.

Ladies appreciate Pompeian Massage Cream because it gives a bright, clear complexion, by stimulating the circulation, and keeping the pores free from dust and dirt, which mere soap and water can only partially remove.

Gentlemen find Pompeian Massage Cream is a great relief after shaving; it takes away the after-shaving discomfort, and tends to make the skin stronger and less sensitive. Your barber has Pompeian Massage Cream—insist on a hand massage and don't let him use a substitute.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar of the Cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 25 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is a delight to any one who appreciates a soap of the very highest quality



This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.



This is the jar the barber buys.

“NEW E.C.”
AND
“NEW SCHULTZE”



SMOKED GUNPOWDER

Makaroff Russian Cigarets



Made by Connoisseurs—for Connoisseurs—sold on merit alone—these cigarettes are now the choice of those who discriminate.

My enthusiasm over these cigarettes is due entirely to my knowledge of them and of cigarettes in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. When I talk about smoke I am talking from the smoker's standpoint—your standpoint and mine, as smoke cranks—and not as a manufacturer. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward.

I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be sure that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them regularly. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarets to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarets discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and I do it.

Makaroff Russian Cigarets are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you, as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever smoked before, or I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only real artists at cigaret blending—don't forget that.

These cigarettes are blended, made and aged as old wines are by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigaret is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigaret.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarettes will leave in your office or apartments no trace of the odor usually associated with cigarettes. I defy anybody who approves the odor of any good smoke to object to the odor of these cigarettes. (You knew what the usual cigaret odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarettes day in and day out without any of that nervousness or ill feeling which most smokers are familiar with as a result of ordinary cigaret smoking. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarettes won't hurt you and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.



WHY?

Why not give yourself the best of it?

Why take any chances on poor stuff, when the same money will buy the best?

Why hesitate, when I take all the chances of your being satisfied?

Why not send in the coupon now, and settle the smoke question once for all?

The cigarettes are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

Your Own Monogram

in gold will be put on your cigarettes just as soon as you have tried them out and want them regularly.

I will gladly send you full information about these cigarettes, but talk is deaf and dumb compared with actually smoking them. Smoke is the final test.

My Offer

Send me your order for a trial hundred of the size and value you prefer. Try the cigarettes—smoke the full hundred if you wish. If you don't like them say so and your money will be instantly returned. You will like them and who will order more.

I knew that American connoisseurs would be quick to follow Europeans in recognizing the absolute superiority in smoking quality of Russian Cigarets. My sales prove it.

If you wish to enjoy cigarettes at their best, without injury to your health, to your own sense of refinement or that of your friends, tear out the coupon now, and get acquainted with real cigaret quality.

Special to Dealers

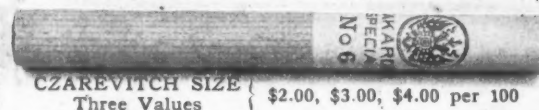
I am spending a large appropriation each month in magazine advertising to introduce these cigarettes. I want one first-class dealer in every town of importance as distributor, and to such I can turn over a good business, established and growing. Write me.

THE MAKAROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA

(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)

95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. SUITE 84

Draw a circle around the price indicating your selection



CZAREVITCH SIZE { \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 per 100
Three Values



CZAR SIZE { \$2.50, \$4.00, \$6.00 per 100
Three Values

Above blends also made in ladies size. Prices on application

Find enclosed remittance for \$.....

in favor of G. Nelson Douglas for which please send me, prepaid, hundred cigarettes of size and value indicated hereon.

Name

P. O.



A GENEROUS BITE

Chimmie: GIMME A BITE UV YER CANDY CANE, WILL YER?
Reginald: WITH PLEASURE! YOU MAY HAVE ALL YOU CAN TAKE IN ONE BITE.



Chimmie: I'LL LEAVE YER DE HANDLE, REGGY! YER PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW DAT ME OLE MAN WUZ A SWORD SWALLERER AND TAUGHT ME DE BIZNESS! HERE'S HOW.

Those who drink Evans' Ale never complain about fleeting pleasures. They find new ones in every bottle



Louis XVI. Chair
No. 200

One of our collection of about 200 reproductions from pedigree originals, made in either gold, white, or coloured enamels.



Bird of Paradise Glazed
Wall Paper No. 9204

Copied from a glazed chintz used during the time of Queen Anne. Suited to old-fashioned parlour in the country house.

"Shade of the Good-wife No. 1163."

One of the mullioned casement curtains out of many of our importations.



Carrisbrooke Winged
Chair No. 201

One of our collection of old English reproductions. The style of this is Jacobean, and with suitable antique fabric is a most "comfy" and artistic old pattern.

Period Furnishing and Decorating Specialized

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Designers, like other folks, have their limitations. They naturally "snuggle up" to the styles they love best—they are Specialists.

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Possibly you must have quaint and stately Colonial things or have a country house or vine-clad cottage, and hope to obtain the old atmosphere: cool, quiet, shady living rooms and sweet, chintz bedrooms. Our Mr. CROSSLEY would give your needs the best that is in him. As a connoisseur, his judgment on Colonial pieces is the final word, and his colour schemes will help along your ideals for a story-book house.

We invite you to call at our studios, or will wait upon you at your house anywhere in the United States. Or we shall, upon request, send you colour-schemes with attendant samples of wall papers and stuffs or colour sketches if you will send on a rough plan of your room or house. Also, if you are collecting pieces of furniture, let us know in what you are interested, and half-tone engravings will go forward—no obligation to purchase on your part, no importunity on ours.

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